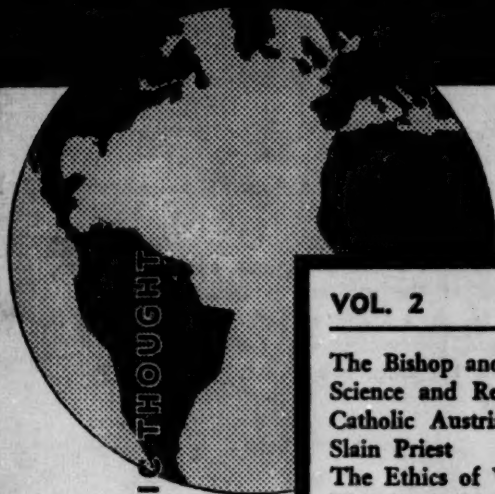


# Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

VOL. 2

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# CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

There are not over a hundred people in the U. S. who hate the Catholic Church. There are millions, however, who hate what they wrongly believe to be the Catholic Church—which is, of course, quite a different thing. These millions can hardly be blamed for hating Catholics because Catholics “adore statues”; because they “put the Blessed Mother on the same level with God”; because they say “indulgence is a permission to commit sin”; because the Pope “is a Fascist”; because the “Church is the defender of Capitalism.” If the Church taught or believed any one of these things it should be hated, but the fact is that the Church does not believe nor teach any one of them. It follows then that the hatred of the millions is directed against ERROR and not against TRUTH. As a matter of fact, if we Catholics believed all of the untruths and lies which were said against the Church, we probably would hate the Church a thousand times more than they do.

Fulton J. Sheen.



THE CATHOLIC DIGEST  
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# Catholic Digest

VOL. 2

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NO. 7

## The Bishop and the Wolves

Is this opium?

By EDWARD DOHERTY

Condensed from *Liberty*\*

In the afternoon I met the wolf pack. There were a dozen or more of them—thin, hungry, dirt-stained kids dressed in rags and hand-me-downs.

They were gathered about the entrance of a Chicago office building. As I entered they closed in about me.

"Want ta buy a flar?"

The boy had a green pasteboard box in his left arm. He stood in front of me, blocking my way, while his pals pressed closer around me. His eyes appraised me shrewdly.

"Sure," I said, and gave him a coin.

A small gardenia that had begun to die several days ago appeared in the boy's right hand. He grinned.

"Gee whiz!" he said. "T'anks."

Instantly the pack withdrew from about me. I was released from

custody. I had paid ransom.

The bishop saw the flower in my hand, and laughed

"So you met the gang," he said.

I had heard many things of His Excellency the Most Reverend Bernard J. Sheil, D.D., V.G., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago and national director of the Catholic Youth Organization. I had heard of his power, his charities, his unceasing labors for the poor of Chicago. I had been told that "the power and the majesty and the love of God shine out of his eyes." I was glad to see he was so very human.

"They come downtown every afternoon about this time," he said, "to sell flowers and shine shoes. They work until midnight or later. The State Street merchants, the police, a number of judges, and scores of indignant citizens have complained about them.

\*122 East 42nd St., New York City. Mar. 26, 1938.

"There're bad boys, but not so bad as they used to be. They used to knock over all the garbage cans they could find. Sometimes they'd shy their shine boxes at well dressed people. And their aim was usually accurate. They've fought the police. One of them defied a judge to stop him from selling flowers. 'It's either that or stealing,' he said. What could the judge do?"

"Yes, they're bad boys, but they're little heroes too. It takes stamina to work all night as they do—for maybe 90 cents a night. But if you could see the homes they come from, I think you'd honor these young hoodlums. They are the breadwinners of their families, these kids of six and seven and up. They're an awful nuisance, of course—but would you put them in jail?"

"What do you do with them?" I asked.

"Well," the bishop's dark eyes glowed and his lips smiled, "I used to give them each a quarter every time they came down here. But they're all in the doghouse just now, the rowdies. They got pretty rough with people coming into this building. We had to tame them a little."

All the humor faded from the bishop's eyes.

"This is one gang that isn't going to end in the death house," he said. "We're going to make fine

men out of these ragamuffins. That's what we're here for. That's the chief purpose of the Catholic Youth Organization."

"These boys are Catholics?" I asked.

"A few of them. A few are Protestants. A few are Jews. Most of them have no religion. But that doesn't make any difference. They are all boys. They are all poor. They are all hungry. Every child, no matter who he is, has a God-given right to happiness. It is our intention to see he obtains that right. We will do everything in our power to help him.

"How can we expect to rear real men and women in this world when we let boys and girls go hungry, when we deny them the natural outlets for their growing energies, when we deny them happiness, education, and even the knowledge of God?"

"We talk of heredity and environment. But take a child with the worst heredity you can find, take him out of his environment, feed him and care for him. Love him. Win his confidence. Teach him. See that he has all the fun out of life that a boy can have. Give him an interest, an incentive. Foster his body, his mind, his soul. That boy can't help growing up into a fine, honest, capable man!"

"You mean you help every boy



who comes to you?" I asked.

"Every boy, and every girl, to the full extent of our limited means. We've been working in this field seven years. But we've only scratched the surface. There is so much more to be done it staggers the imagination."

The C. Y. O. was born in the death house of the old county jail on Illinois Street in Chicago, when the bishop was chaplain of the prison. He loved the boys who came under his care. He knew all about them, knew the conditions that had twisted and warped them; vowed some day to stamp out those conditions.

"How do you suppose the Cardinella gang started?" the bishop asked me. He answered the question himself. "They started exactly as these poor little wolves started. They were a gang of waifs, poor, unwanted, unwatched, unfed. They had no place to play. They went out on the streets, picking up the sure, quick, shrewd knowledge of the streets. They were petty thieves. They were caught and sent to reformatories and houses of correction, or even to prisons. There they were hardened. They grew up into stick-up men, into killers. And I found them in the death house, waiting for the rope."

The bishop rose from his chair

and led me toward the gymnasium, walking with the ease and grace of the perfect athlete.

There were a few boys in the gym punching bags, skipping rope, shadow-boxing, resting, talking to the instructor, Paddy Kane—boys in sweat shirts and gym pants. Over in a corner, seated at a number of tables close to the gymnasium lunch counter, were the wolves. They were eating a hot dinner.

One of the boys saw the bishop, threw down a spoon, jumped up, wiped his hands on his shirt, and sprang forward crying, "The bishop, the bishop!" He went down on one knee, and kissed the bishop's ring. You could hear that kiss echoing all over the immense room.

The other boys got up from their chairs as quickly and ran to him. Some kissed the ring. Some shook hands. The others seemed content merely to touch him.

They weren't hard any more. Their faces shone, even as the bishop's. They weren't wolves now; they had been transformed into so many lambs. They shut me out, telling stories about themselves, their families.

"Tanks for sendin' us dat doc, bishop."

"Tanks for the groceries, bishop."

"Say, bishop, what you know about Vincent here — getting a quarter for a flar? Yeah, a quarter.

From a big sap from outa town."

"Finish your dinners now," the bishop said, "then off with you. You're all in the doghouse still, remember."

He blessed them with a wide smile, and led me out of the gymnasium.

"Children of broken homes," he said. "Orphans. Half orphans. Hungry boys. Desperate little animals. There are hundreds of these little wolves in Chicago.

"We find boys like these and take care of them. Back of them are families we have to take care of. We do this gladly. We are sorry only that we aren't big enough, we aren't financially able to do what we should for everybody."

The C. Y. O. cares for more than 250,000 boys and girls in Chicago. It operates in many ways. It has established summer schools in the little parks and playgrounds where young boys and girls are taught to play games, to make things with their hands, where milk and food are furnished daily. It has hotels for girls. It has hotels for older boys, drifters, "gondoliers"—tramps who roll out from under freight cars in the Chicago yards—and for parolees. It is allied with the National Youth Administration, and with the Boy Scouts movement. It operates several business organiza-

tions. It maintains a home for orphans. It conducts a highly geared technical school where young men are trained in repairing and building airplanes. It promotes sporting tournaments.

It requires huge sums of money to carry on the work of the C. Y. O. Very little of this money, the bishop confessed sadly, is donated. The bulk of it is raised in various ways. Some of it comes from boxing tournaments and other programs of sport. Some of it is profit from the business ventures, such as the salvage bureau and the package-delivery system.

Last year the C. Y. O. maintained summer schools in 34 centers. The attendance was in the neighborhood of 35,000. It spent over \$10,000 for milk alone in the recreation schools. It served over 2,000,000 meals to the city's poor. This year, it is expected, there will be more centers, more boys and girls using them.

One of the first things Bishop Sheil did was to organize boxing clubs in the various neighborhoods, to open a great central gymnasium where boys could learn boxing and where the best of them could train to enter in public competition.

"Boys have to have heroes," the bishop explained. "They love heroes. Their heroes are tough guys, never sissies. The tough guy is a

fighter. When he learns that in order to be a good fighter he must lead a clean life, must keep in training, mustn't smoke nor drink nor hang around poolrooms, must go to bed early, he's willing. And he sets a good example to all the other boys in the neighborhood. If this boy doesn't drink or smoke, then it isn't sissy to abstain from tobacco and liquor. If this boy goes to bed early, then it isn't sissy to go to bed early. It's the thing to do."

Incidentally, of the eight boys who went abroad with the last Olympic boxing team, three were members of the C. Y. O.

In the last seven years the bishop, through the Catholic Youth Organization, has done many things. He has filled thousands of little bellies, he has taught thousands of boys, he has sheltered thousands, he has put thousands in jobs, he has clothed tens of thousands, he has saved thousands from prisons. And he has done something else—he has helped to cut crime in Chicago.

Veteran newspapermen, veteran police, veteran welfare workers of the city speak of present-day crime conditions with awe. Some will cite statistics. Crime fell off 60 per cent in this district, 49 per cent in that, 80 per cent in the other. There's scarcely any one in the city who will not admit that Bishop

Sheil and the C. Y. O. had a part—and a leading part—in the reformation of the town. The one man who will not admit it is the bishop himself.

"We've done very little," he insists. "We've only begun to do something."

The C. Y. O. has, as one of its principal objects, the furthering of the Catholic religion; yet that religion is forced on nobody. There is no discrimination of creed, race, nationality, or color. All are welcomed. All are cared for. But now and then a boy asks if he may become a Catholic.

"Humpy," a colored boy, hideously deformed, was one of these. He used to come to the C. Y. O. headquarters, at Wabash Avenue and Congress Street, every day, and sit on the top step until the bishop came by. The bishop always gave him something, always fed him. One day he wasn't there. The bishop worried. Late at night, when he found time, he went to Humpy's home—two rooms on the top floor of a South Side tenement. The floor sagged. The wood was moist. The windows were broken. There was a stove, but there was no fire in it.

Humpy, with a sheet over him, lay on a mattress on the floor. Near by, in bed, under a heap of covers, lay his father, very drunk.

"There's a doctor wants to oper-

ate on me, bishop," the hunchback said. "He'll do it for nothing—just for the 'sperience."

"Over my dead body!" cried the bishop.

Within an hour the finest surgeon in Chicago was examining Humpy.

"An operation would kill him," he said. "He has tuberculosis in an advanced stage."

The bishop put Humpy into a first-class sanatorium and visited him every day, bringing him little presents. A few days before he died Humpy asked his last favor.

"Bishop, I ain't got no religion. I'm bad. I'm powerful bad. Can't you git me some religion?"

"Of course. Any religion you want. Name it, and I'll see that somebody comes here to instruct you."

"Bishop, I want to be a Catholic, like white folks, if it ain't too much trouble."

The bishop could say nothing. He was fighting to keep control of his emotion.

"I was skeered to ask you, bishop," the crippled boy whispered. "I been so bad."

The bishop instructed him in the Faith, heard his confession, gave him First Holy Communion, and—after he died—held a pontifical Mass in his honor, with silver trumpets calling at the Consecration. Humpy was the first of his race to be thus honored by the Catholic Church in the history of the U. S.

"He deserved it," the bishop said. "His was a beautiful soul, well worth the saving."



### *Unnatural Selection*

It is a noteworthy fact that as a rule no priest was murdered in Spain by any of his own parishioners, and I have met many a priest who owed his life to the Red Committee, which refused to carry out orders, and which in order to protect parish priests against the High Committee, directed them to safe hiding places. This needed a great deal of courage.

It was priests who had most distinguished themselves by their social and charitable work who were marked by the Red Militia. Their photographs were in the possession of the Red leaders, who offered substantial sums to anyone who would disclose their hiding places. Their addresses had been listed in good time. A fortnight before the revolution broke out, a chaplain of young workers was told by a Red leader in a confidential mood, "Be on your guard; when the smash comes, every priest will be done in. It is quite possible that I shall be appointed to kill you. And don't expect to be spared because you have done so much good, for it is the best we are after. They will be the worst enemies at the outbreak."

Dr. Bonet in *The Tyd*.

# Science and Religion

Old friendship re-established

By GEORGE BARRY O'TOOLE

Condensed from *The Catholic Educational Review*\*

Today signs of a closer friendship between religion and science are everywhere apparent. To single out a few: the public professions of religious faith by such scientists as Robert Millikan and Max Planck; Alexis Carrel's reverent book, *Man the Unknown*, the renascence of Thomistic metaphysics in Chicago University through the inspiration of President Hutchins and Professor Adler. On religion's side we note the rejuvenation of the Papal Academy of Sciences by Pope Pius XI, and his appointment to membership in it of great non-Catholic scientists like Millikan, T. H. Morgan, and Planck. By this act the Holy Father wished to signify to the world that "the Church blesses every healthy initiative and has no fear of progress, even the most daring progress of science, if only it be true science."

To be sure, this is only as it should be; for are not science and religion animated by a common passion: unflinching loyalty to truth? Still, it is in pleasant contrast to the hostility that embittered their relations during the last three centuries. What factors are responsible for the happy change?

In the domain of religion, I at-

tribute it to the clear demarcation of the boundaries of faith and knowledge by Gregory XVI (1831-1846), the Vatican Council (1869-1870), and Leo XIII (1878-1903). In the domain of science, Sir James Jeans attributes the present trend toward spiritualism to the liquidation of the materialistic *mechanism* by 20th century physics.

With Jeans' contention that 19th century science was predominantly mechanistic and that such mechanism left no room for free will or any other spiritual activity, I fully agree. However, I must protest against the interchangeable use which he makes of the terms *mechanism* and *determinism* in his book, *The Mysterious Universe* (New York, 1933). The terms are not synonymous.

*Mechanism* (which owes its origin to René Descartes) is the theory that explains all natural phenomena as the mechanics of particles moved exclusively by pressure and impact. *Determinism* (a term introduced into science by the French physiologist, Claude Bernard) signifies the law that certain material antecedents, discoverable by experience, are the *necessary* condition of the appearance of any natural phenom-

\*1326 Quincy St., N. E., Washington, D. C. Mar., 1938.

enon, in the sense that if said antecedents are wholly or partially absent the phenomenon will not appear. Stated in the hypothetical form, what Claude Bernard calls "the determinism of the facts" is borne out by experience and is essential to natural science.

Mechanism is at bottom a philosophy of downright *indeterminism*, that is, of *pure chance*, in which nature's dice are perfectly indifferent—as likely to turn up one face as another. Determinism, however, loads the dice of nature and thus ensures in every throw a certain uniformity of results.

So, if mechanism is actually on its way out, it is no occasion for tears. On the contrary, its demise will spell real progress; for mechanism, after all, was a throwback from Aristotle to Democritus.

How incompatible mechanism was, I will not say with religion, but with anything deserving the name of culture, must be evident to all. We can readily understand, therefore, that in the Victorian age it was considered smart to be an agnostic; that the man who found life meaningless was judged to be intelligent while the man who found a meaning in human existence forfeited his right to be regarded as a thinking man.

This was especially true for the Catholic believer. Two centuries

had not sufficed to lay the ghost of Galileo. Obviously, no Catholic was free to follow research whithersoever it might lead. Was not his mind the bond-slave of ecclesiastical authority? How, then, could a Catholic be a scientist and, conversely, how could a scientist be a Catholic? This problem was proposed to Louis Pasteur himself, and the great Frenchman made it the occasion of his celebrated profession of faith, "It is on account of having reflected and studied much that I have the faith of a Breton. If I had reflected and studied more, I would have attained to the faith of a Bretonness."

But the bare need of making protestations of this kind gives evidence of how strong the impression is with non-Catholic men of science that the Catholic Church is hostile to the independence of natural science and aims at substituting authority for research. Nothing could be further from the truth. The fact is the Catholic Church positively insists upon the autonomy of all the sciences both natural and philosophical.

The God who reveals Himself in nature is one with the God who discloses Himself in supernatural revelation. Hence it is impossible He should contradict Himself. If there seems to be a clash, it is because either the theologian or the



scientist has blundered badly.

From this it follows that the Church has nothing to lose but much to gain from whatever the natural scientist can discover by observation, induction, hypothesis and experimentation. "Never can there be a real conflict between faith and reason," declares the Vatican Council. An obscurantism which refuses to face the facts is not a mark of orthodoxy but a sign of weak faith.

More than a decade has passed since the last rout suffered by the hosts of Fundamentalism at the hands of "Modern Science." With Bryan as their leader and the King James version as their ark of the covenant, they marched to Nashville to do battle with the Philistines of Science. Technically they may have won the Scopes trial, but they certainly lost the *argument*. Backed by a lustily-applauding press, the scientists captured their Bible and overwhelmed its quoters with opprobrium. Biblical inspiration, apparently, is not a very effective weapon against infidel science! The latter must be met with the only thing it respects—cold facts, and not by urging an authority it does not recognize.

Equally deplorable with Fundamentalism is the reverse error of Concordism, which employs natural science as a key to the interpretation of the Scriptures. If it is a

mistake to intrude Scripture upon the territory of natural science, it is no less a mistake to distort the sacred text by reading into it the viewpoint of modern science, even though one's purpose be the laudable one of reconciling faith and science. This is where Galileo made his mistake, which was also the mistake of those over-obliging "Concordists" of the 19th century who were perpetually readjusting the Bible to suit every new vagary favored for the moment in scientific circles. Leo XIII, recapitulating the attitude of Catholic tradition, put an end to all this foolishness by pointing out the simple fact that the Bible contains no scientific teaching.

The aim of the Sacred Scriptures is to teach religion and morals, not natural science. To have supernaturally illumined the human writers of Holy Writ on the subjects of astronomy and geology would not have served this aim and would have needlessly befuddled the simple folk to whom the Scriptures were originally addressed. To make the scriptural message intelligible to men, God used these writers not as mere automatons but as fully human instruments with all their imperfect acquaintance with nature and all their personal peculiarities of style. The imperfections of their human knowledge, however, are no

more referable to God than the flaws in handwriting due to a defective pen are referable to the hand of the penman. The great mistake of the Fundamentalists was to have envisaged scriptural inspiration as verbal dictation. By so doing they made God Himself directly responsible, not for the religious teaching alone, but for everything else in the Bible, including certain primitive ideas on cosmography. Such things God did not teach nor does He wish them to be taught as coming from Him.

We have seen that the longstanding quarrel between religion and science was not due to a clash of basic principles, but rather to misunderstandings engendered by the caricaturish misrepresentation of re-

ligion by Fundamentalism. In demolishing 19th century mechanism 20th century physics is apparently on the point of removing the first of these two sources of misunderstanding. Fundamentalism, while Protestant in origin, has had its repercussions within the Catholic Church — it influenced Galileo's judges and sowed the seeds of such authoritarian errors as Traditionalism and Fideism. This second source of misunderstanding has been already removed by the Church's condemnation of authoritarianism in science and by her official verdict that the Scriptures contain no scientific teaching. As a result the rift between science and religion is closing and the prospect of friendly relations in the future is bright.



### *Question and Answer*

**Q.** Why did scientific study advance so rapidly after the Reformation?

**A.** This progress would have come in any case, whether the Reformation had occurred or not. It is due to the ordinary development of human thought. The Reformation had no more to do with it than the signing of the Magna Charta had to do with the discovery of America. America was discovered after the Magna Charta, not because of it. The invention of the printing press had more to do with it because it spread other men's findings and thus promoted study and progress. Even then, a Catholic invented the printing press, not because he was a Catholic, but because he thought of it. Religion is not a factor in such matters. If a Christian became a pagan and then discovered an excellent remedy for indigestion, you could hardly trace a connection between the remedy and his paganism.

From *Radio Replies* by Dr. Rumble (Cathedral Press, St. Paul, '38).

# Catholic Austria

Effects of Versailles

By ERNEST NORRIS

Condensed from *The Holy Name Journal*

**The** tragedy of Austria seems complete. The land of Their Most Catholic Majesties is no more.

The dream of more than 1,000 years is finally shattered beyond repair. More than 1,100 years ago there was founded the Holy Roman Empire—that great vision of a world united under headship of one civil ruler to co-operate with a Christian Church then united under one spiritual ruler. The vision was never realized but for 700 years it remained an ideal. The Emperor, after all, was not merely the greatest prince in Europe but, as official guardian of the Church, something more than a mere prince.

Slowly with the growth of nationalism came the weakening of the bond of empire. Then came the Reformation. Belloc has pointed out that Prussia was from the beginning marked by two characteristics—it was the last part of Europe to be Christianized and it had never been part of the ancient Roman Empire. It was fundamentally pagan and barbarian.

Prussia has never been part of the European tradition. Though by aggrandizement it absorbed the rest of what is now Germany, it is not even Germanic. The true German

of the Rhineland, Bavaria and Austria, has always felt the Prussian to be a man apart, alien not only in faith but in culture. They are right who cannot reconcile the Third Reich with the old Germany. Germany has been Prussianized.

It need never have happened. Of course, it is dangerous to prophesy what would have happened "if." Here, however, are certain all too little known facts, highly instructive.

Clemenceau, the Tiger, had two great hates, one of Prussia, the other of the Church. He hated the Church more. Austria was the only great Catholic power in the world. England and Germany were Protestant, Italy and France controlled by Freemasons and anti-clericals. Catholic Austria must be completely destroyed. The same hatred was at work which had prevented the Holy See from representation at the Versailles Conference and from membership in the League of Nations. The great Austro-Hungarian Empire was split up. Part went to Italy, part to Roumania, part to Yugoslavia, part to Poland. One whole section became Czechoslovakia. What little remained formed two separate countries, Austria and

*\*Lexington Ave., at 65th St., New York City. Mar., 1938.*

Hungary. Thus was destroyed the Catholic heart of Europe.

How clearly this destruction was anti-religious can be seen from what followed. Hopelessly crippled, Austria looked towards her German brethren. With one-third of her people living in Vienna, once the capital of a mighty empire but now the seat of the smallest of European powers, she foresaw her independence would never be secure. The new German republic with its broad liberalism was apparently weakening the Prussianism which German Austria detested. She would join with the new Germany. This would not only save Austria but insure the continuing triumph of things German over things Prussian.

The Tiger forbade. It was pointed out to him that this very movement was in the best interests of France. Austria and France had long been friends. Austria distrusted Berlin, so did South Germany. Munich, Stuttgart, Cologne, Karlsruhe would gather round Vienna. Thus would

be undone the work of Bismarck who had fought two wars to detach South Germany from Austrian influence. This *anschluss* would have set up Vienna as a counterweight to Berlin. Germany's population might be increased but the enemies of Prussia would be even more greatly strengthened. France's rival was not Germany but Prussia.

The rub was that Austria was Catholic. So were Bavaria, Wurttemberg and the Rhineland. There would be a solid Catholic block. It might some day come to dominate the new Germany. This was too much for Clemenceau. He insisted he had not destroyed Catholic Austria to create a Catholic Germany. True, a Catholic Germany might be more friendly to France. The old Tiger was too bitter to see that. France was now master of the world. She could make Germany behave. Germany was beaten but the Church still lived and she must be destroyed.

The Tiger had his way. France is learning how much that cost.



### World Cure

In the Canadian Parliament recently, Senator J. J. Hughes delivered an address such as is rarely, if ever, heard in legislative halls—an address in which the ills of the world were correctly diagnosed and the sure and only cure prescribed. He placed the cause of present unrest and distress on the anger, hatred, ill-will, covetousness and greed which abound on all sides and among all classes. The remedy he suggested is the acknowledgment of God's omnipotence and our dependence on Him.

The Lamp (March, '38).

# Slain Priest

Martyrdom on the march

By JOSEPH A. BREIG

Condensed from **Pittsburgh-Sun Telegraph\***

**Pittsburgh's** first martyr-priest today marched with the shining host of those who had given their lives to spread the kingdom that is not of this world.

In the bitter cold of an isolated mountain district in Manchuria just south of Siberia, the emaciated body of Father Gerard Donovan was found by Japanese soldiers.

Father Donovan had been hanged by Chinese bandits, "the toughest gang in Manchuria," after being forced to walk barefooted for 170 miles through sub-zero blizzards.

It was in 1917, when the world was mad with war, that auburn-haired Gerard Donovan, a McKeesport schoolboy, boarded a train for Maryknoll, N. Y., with his eldest brother, Father Joseph Donovan.

Father Joseph was a missionary to the teeming Orient. So was another brother, Father Thomas Donovan. Their example had inspired their youngest brother, and nothing would do but he must join them.

He was a merry lad, distinguished by his smile and his absolute self-reliance. On the trip to Maryknoll, he ate in a diner for the first time in his life. He spilled some soup. With the weary air of a veteran traveler, he told his

brother, "I never did like eating on trains." He got off at a station to buy an ice cream cone. When the train started again, "Jerry" was not in evidence. His worried brother hurried through the train. Jerry was on the observation platform. Father Joseph said, "You almost missed the train. What would you have done if you hadn't got on?" Unperturbed, Jerry answered, "I'd have told a policeman to wire you on the train to meet me in New York."

Father Joseph retorted, "But you have no money!" Jerry took another bite from his ice cream cone, shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "Well, there must be some place where people who don't have money can go and get some."

At Maryknoll, near Ossining, N. Y., Bishop James E. Walsh, superior of the Maryknoll Fathers, looked at Jerry and exclaimed, "Why, he's only a baby!" Then more humorously than seriously, he added, "I don't think we can keep him; but we'll give him an examination."

Early the next morning, Bishop Walsh opened his door to a peremptory knock. There was Jerry. The Bishop asked what he wanted.

*\*Pittsburgh, Pa. Feb. 27, 1938.*

Jerry reminded him, "You said you'd give me an examination. I'm ready for it."

So Jerry Donovan stayed. At the age of 28, he held doctorates in sacred theology and canon law. At 29, he was filling the most difficult mission post in the Maryknoll domain. At 33, he became the first Maryknoll martyr.

When Gerard was sent to China he asked for the "toughest" post. He got it, in an outpost where the primitive conditions had already broken three Maryknoll priests.

"Jerry" thrived on it. Often penniless, but never discouraged, he operated a church, a school, an orphan asylum and an old folks' home. He was somewhat annoyed when his superiors ordered him to Fushun, in "safe" Manchukuo, for a rest.

Last October 5, he was kneeling in the sanctuary during Holy Hour. A stranger entered from the sacristy and stood uncertain, gaping at the priests and altar boys.

Father Donovan assumed that he had entered the wrong door. He rose from his knees and led the man out. In the sacristy, he was seized by a crowd of armed men. They took his altar boy, too.

Father Donovan was clad in cassock and surplice. He had no hat. At the points of guns, he and the altar boy walked from the

church. Their surplices were found in the hills nearby.

Japanese soldiers started in pursuit. But the bandits, familiar with every inch of their land, got away with their prisoners. They released the altar boy with a note demanding \$14,500 ransom for Father Donovan.

Missionaries are never ransomed. Let one be paid for, and no other would be safe. Kidnapings would become routine occurrences. The demand was rejected.

The altar boy related that the bandits had taken Father Donovan's shoes and forced him to walk barefooted. Messengers were dispatched with shoes and warm clothing. But as far as is known, Father Donovan never got them.

In October, winter lays hold of northern Manchuria. From the plains of Siberia, bitter winds howl southward, bringing blinding blizzards and temperatures as low as 35 degrees below zero.

Chinese bandits live like animals. Huddled in their skin-clothing, they endure frightful cold, marching at night and sleeping in daylight. They build no fires, lest their camps be discovered. They eat their food raw.

Even with the best of equipment, white men suffer harshly in the Manchurian winters. Without warm clothing, without shoes or



boots, Father Donovan must have suffered indescribable hardship.

Once the soldiers caught up with the band. There was a bloody skirmish. Ten bandits were killed. The others escaped with Father Donovan. But now he was becoming a burden.

Weakened by privation, starving and dying of exposure, he became a problem to his captors. They sold him to another band—"the toughest gang in Manchuria."

What happened then, no one knows exactly. But Father Donovan's body, emaciated beyond description, was found 170 miles from the Church at Fushun. He had been brutally strangled—hanged, the Japanese Foreign Office said.

Two thousand miles away, in southern China, was his brother, Father Thomas. Across half the world, at Maryknoll, was his brother, Father Joseph. Both were praying for him.

In Hazelwood, a section of Pitts-

burgh, were his 88-year-old father, James Joseph Donovan, and his 75-year-old mother, parents of Jerry and 12 other children. They live with their daughter, Catherine. They were praying, too.

The mother and father were calm when they heard of Jerry's death. The father went into the kitchen and sat by himself, meditating in solitude. The mother, tiny and white-haired, sat erect in the front room, with the weeping Catherine. Quietly, the mother said, "There's no good in crying, Catherine. If he is gone, it's the will of God, and we accept it." She folded her hands together, and added, "I always think of Jerry as a baby. He was the last baby we had."

At Maryknoll, students and priests assembled in the college chapel for solemn requiem Mass. Bishop Walsh announced that "Jerry's" body would be brought to Maryknoll to be buried there as the first Maryknoll martyr.

\* \*

### *After 2300 Years*

Legislation (against private property) may have a specious appearance of benevolence; men readily listen to it, and are easily induced to believe that in some wonderful manner everyone will become everybody's friend, especially when someone is heard denouncing the evils, which are said to arise out of the possession of private property. These evils, however, are due to a very different cause: the wickedness of human nature.

Aristotle, *Politics* (350 B. C.)

# The Ethics of War in the Air

By DOUGLAS JERROLD

Mentality of sentimentality

Condensed from *The Catholic Herald*\*

**More** people are killed and injured on the roads every year than have been killed and injured in all the air raids that have ever taken place in the history of the world. We say that we greatly deplore our road casualties, but we limit our preventive action to those measures which will not interfere with the prosperity of the motor industry. *So, in war, we tend to limit our political efforts to reducing those forms of destruction which appear particularly menacing to our own capitalist urban civilization.*

As Christians, however, we are obviously called upon to form a judgment on the morality of killing, whether on the roads, by air bombardment of towns, by wholesale political massacre, by starvation through a blockade, or by the more old fashioned weapons of land warfare.

The tendency to shirk the responsibility for forming a judgment in these matters is not made admirable by indulging in sentimental regrets.

We all feel much more shocked and horrified at an air raid which kills 300 people in a town well-known to us and fairly close to us than at 30,000 deaths on our roads

during the short period of one year.

We have no cause, however, to congratulate ourselves on our virtue and wisdom because we have been made aware, by a sudden catastrophe, of something which it was our duty to realize long before. All our comforts and conveniences, and many of our pleasures are bought at the expense of human lives and happiness.

All wars, however just, involve not the risk but the certainty of death not to hundreds but to thousands of innocent men, women and children. It is against those who allow themselves to reflect on this and to be moved to pity only when some dramatic tragedy affects their own partisans, or people circumstanced similarly to themselves, that the accusation of callousness lies.

The indifference of people to the mass massacre of priests, nuns and Catholic laity in Spain is an abominable thing, rendered not less but more abominable by the pious expressions of horror which they have assumed over the tragedy of Barcelona.

It is the war as a whole which is tragic and evil: evil because it is the direct consequence of human wickedness and folly, tragic because

\*110-111, Fleet St., London, E. C. 4, England. Mar. 4, 1938.

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the sufferings it inflicts cannot be confined to those who are responsible for its beginning.

The duty of Christians, surely, is to bring home to their fellow-countrymen the lesson that the attempt to impose an alien and atheistic dictatorship of a minority on a Christian people is a crime.

They cannot do this if they allow themselves to take part in a demonstration of indignation not directed against the criminals but against those who have been forced to take arms against them.

It is only possible to distinguish between the casualties of Barcelona and those elsewhere if we assume, what is certainly not right, that General Franco has deliberately ordered the bombing of civilians. *Only the most fanatical adherents of Valencia have dared to suggest that.*

For the rest, every bomb and every shell fired at any town or village is a potential instrument of death to civilian life and a certain destroyer of civilian property. Oviedo and Huesca have both been almost destroyed by enemy bombardments from land and air.

On Oviedo alone more than 1,200 bombs were dropped and casualties to the civil population were a daily incident. We should do wrong to attack the Valencia Government, which has many unspeakable crimes

to its charge, for these deaths. Their partisans do wrong to attack General Franco for the casualties of Barcelona.

If we hold that all killing is murder, we must not resist aggression, however evil the results of non-resistance.

If we hold that all killing of civilians in war is murder, we must resist aggression only with weapons of precision: we must renounce the use of artillery, machine guns and the aeroplane as a weapon carrier. If we hold neither of these beliefs, we must have the moral courage to face the consequence of our belief: that it may be, in certain circumstances, not only just but necessary to oppose force by force, and that such opposition must, if it is to be effective, be as forceful as the material means allow.

Accepting this position, we have only to inquire whether in any given case the force is likely to lighten the total burden of suffering. We must except, need we say, the employment of any weapon the use of which is barred by prior agreements, but we cannot except the use of a weapon previously employed without restriction and with deadly effect by the enemy when the fortunes of war make that weapon peculiarly formidable to them.

*What is the consequence? First,*

to prolong the war, but secondly, something far more sinister.

We shall be faced with the situation that an urban proletariat aiming, in accordance with the Marxist gospel, at a dictatorship, can promote and begin an armed revolution with the knowledge that whatever atrocities it perpetrates, the center and source of its power will be immune from attack.

From *attack*, mark you, not merely from attack from the air, because quite obviously every argument which applies to the bombing of towns applies with precisely the same force to the shelling of towns and also to the besieging of towns. In both cases the women and children suffer along with the men,

the civilians along with the soldiers, the innocent along with the guilty, and, in case of a siege, they suffer in far greater numbers and with far more lasting consequences than under air bombardment.

Cities are now the seat of government and the chief source of the power of the government. If we deny the right to make war against them, we must face the unrestricted power of evil when enthroned in the seats of the mighty. Accepting that, we must condemn mankind to suffer in impotence the assaults of evil men against the faith of their children and the future of their civilization. Are we prepared to be so callous? To assume so terrible a responsibility?



### *Japan Learns English*

A Tokio radio broadcaster gives English lessons. He tells how to start a conversation with a strange foreigner; "When you are in a crowded streetcar," he says, "observe an agreeable-looking foreigner and draw close to him. Gently step on his toes and say, 'Excuse me.' He will reply, 'Don't mention it.' Then a delightful conversation will ensue."

He also gives traffic lessons in English: "At the rise of the hand of the policeman stop rapidly. Do not pass him by nor otherwise disrespect him. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight tootle the horn, trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning 'Hi, hi!'"

"Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust-box at him, go soothingly by. Give big space to the festive dog that shares sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dogs with your wheel spokes. Go soothingly on the grease mud as there lurk the speed demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corners to save the collapse of tie-up."

Francis Davitt in *The Advocate* (Feb. 17, '38).



# The Festival of Stars

The night has a thousand eyes

By JOS. SANDHAAS, S.V.D.

Condensed from *Fu Jen\**

The star-lit sky on a crisp night has been termed one of the three most beautiful sights in nature. No one who silently contemplates the spangled firmament overhead, the serried ranks of the endless host marching across the midnight skies, can miss the magic spell. The majestic panorama of their cold yet radiant brilliance readily engenders the conviction that the influence of these distant mysterious bodies sways also the destinies of earth. Small wonder, then, that prayer and sacrifice of propitiation should be directed to these beings that seem to border on the divine.

To a Westerner, the phrase, "to thank one's lucky stars" may be but an idle word with reference to something quite impersonal. To a Chinese, one's natal day and the festival of the stars were, till lately, the official days of giving thanks to the personality connected with the star under which he came into the world.

To understand properly such stellar beliefs one must keep in mind the teachings of their religion about the spirit world, the canonizations of popular heroes whose thrones are the planets, stars, constellations or other heavenly bodies.

In their transfigured and glorified state these tenants are deities of a minor order who not only rule their own stellar domain but sway all human destinies as well.

The official time formerly prescribed by the Chinese calendar for the "thanking of one's lucky star" came immediately after the festival season of the Holiday Moon. During the 18th night of the First Moon about the time of the third watch, when all stars shine brightly, the sacrifice begins. As is fitting, the ceremony takes place in the courtyard, so that the divinities can readily behold the spectacle arranged for their benefit. The altar that is set up, usually little more than a table, faces north, and upon it are laid two colored drawings, the one portraying graphically the gods of the stars themselves, the second containing astronomical symbols. A mysterious, sealed envelope is likewise found upon the altar and this contains a chart of lucky and unlucky stars. The gods who figure on the charts are both male and female and quite varied in color, size, beauty and disposition, many being far from amiable in appearance.

The sacrifice which now begins

\*176 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Feb., 1938.

is dual in nature, the first oblation upon the altar being offered to all the deities of the heavenly bodies collectively, the head of the family first performing the rite. The process next becomes individualized and the second sacrifice is directed to the particular divinity whose star presided at the birth of the offerer. This god is considered a special patron of the individual. Later on, in the course of the year, on his birthday, he will again renew the sacrifice, but then there will be no oblation for the gods collectively. However, the natal-day concept is outstanding in both sacrifices since New Year's is considered everyman's birthday in China.

Other members of the family, especially if they be adults, now offer in turn but women may not bring any oblation. Indeed, they are expected to hide themselves as undesirables at this time, though they may return later on to partake of the sweetmeats. The children are also excluded but these youngsters meantime make some other offerings to the hearth god or the gods of the doors. This is done by lighting small lamps before the kitchen shrine of the hearth god or by placing other lamps before the various doors of the home. No doubt, this religious participation of the whole family renders the relation of men to their tutelary deities

considerably more intimate and confidential.

The sacrifice upon the improvised midnight altar in the courtyard makes a charming scene. The kowtowing of the head of the family is scarcely begun when shining lamps, seemingly as numerous as the stars and star-gods overhead, are lighted. One hundred and eight of these flicker before the tablets of the stars. Considerable care has been lavished on the preparation of these lamps and their wicks and spills are made of red and yellow paper, while the oil used is perfumed. By their feeble, starlike twinkling one sees the offerings, some bowls of rice balls mixed with flour and sugar, tastefully cooked.

When at last each of the 108 lamps has burned out, the older sons succeed their father in offering sacrifice. Upon approaching, each bows to his individual star and relights three lamps before it. The little tongue of flame becomes the cynosure of all eyes, and if its glow is feeble the son retires a sadder man, for evidently ill fortune is "written in the stars" for him. A vigorous flame, however, betokens "lucky stars."

From other customs occasionally employed it appears that the star gods themselves are sometimes invited to descend to earth to dwell among their votaries for a while.

Thus many little lamps or "Guest Stars" are at times set out in many parts of the courtyard, making of it a diminutive firmament. Perhaps, too, they are placed in some other prominent parts of the neighborhood where the benediction of the stellar deities is specially desired. One after the other, the tiny lamps sputter out. The cold hush of night invades the courtyard. Overhead, the eternal stars wink and smile at the serious preoccupations of the men-children of earth.



### *Chinese Weather Bureau*

In the province of Hopei, China—which province, by the way, contains almost one-fourth of all Chinese Catholics—there is a place called Ju-shui Tung, meaning Milk Water Grotto. The "Ju" part means milk, and the grotto got its name on account of the whitish color of the water. At the entrance to the grotto there are 12 stone troughs and from the grotto, water trickles into them. On the 16th day of the first lunar moon, the farmers examine each of the troughs to see which of them is filled with water. Each trough represents a moon of the year. If, on examination, any of them contains water, in that moon of moons, the farmers say rain is sure to fall. For example, if the 1st, 6th and 9th troughs contain water, rain will fall on the corresponding moons. No rain is expected to fall in any moon which corresponds to the trough that contains no water.

A missionary tells how he went into the grotto to investigate, but at the time he had no torch and the inky darkness prevented him from making scientific investigation of the matter. Farmers assured him that this method of predicting rain had been known for "thousands" of years.

Catholic Missions (March, '38).



### *It Started In China*

The machine guns of today could be traced back to a "repeating shooter," the Chinese self-loading cross bow. To be sure, this machine shot only arrows, but at least three important features of the modern machine gun can be traced back to it. The Chinese repeating cross bow was equipped with an "arrow hopper" capable of holding about 50 arrows. The arrows dropped through at the bottom of the hopper of the groove onto the stock one at a time whenever the bows pulled. Arrows were tied in bundles for ease in handling and for rapid insertion into the hopper. Originated in China, it may be considered as the first machine gun known.

Fu Jen (March, '38).

# Karl Marx Debunked

By LEON HAMILTON

The face behind the whiskers

Condensed from *Social Justice*\*

**Karl Marx**, the son of a Jewish lawyer, whose real name was Mordechai, was born in Treves, Germany in 1818. In 1843 he went to Paris to study economics. During his stay in Paris he became associated with leftists and radicals. His revolutionary activities and sympathies caused him to be expelled from France. In 1845 he moved to Brussels. There he collaborated with Friederich Engels in the compilation of the Communist Manifesto (1847). Soon afterwards he returned to Germany and took an active part in the revolution of 1848. In the same year he was in Berlin at the head of a secret Communist society wielding the power of life and death over its members.

Because of his dictatorial domination of this Communist group he was condemned to death. However, he succeeded in escaping to London where he settled down to a life of laborious idleness and studious leisure. In exile he wrote the book for which he is unjustly famous, *Das Kapital*.

This ponderous, panhandled pot-pourri of science, economics and philosophy has been called the "Bible of the Working Classes." But the truth of the matter is that

*Das Kapital* is unintelligible to the working man and inexplicable to the philosopher. Even the Marxists are divided on the interpretation of their "Bible." Marx's son-in-law, admitted that the book was unintelligible to him although he was associated intimately with Marx for some 18 years.

The real "Bible of the Working Classes" is the Communist Manifesto. The Manifesto is clear to that minority among the working classes known as the revolutionary proletariat. The Manifesto is a compilation of charges against the bourgeoisie and capitalists lifted and from the works of the Socialists Hebert, Marat and Babeuf—revolutionists who had already familiarized the people of France with these stock charges.

The aims and purposes of Communism were plagiarized from the doctrine of Illuminism, the work of the Bavarian Jew, Adam Weishaupt. The doctrines of the abolition of inheritance, marriage and the family, the destruction of patriotism, the annihilation of religion and the communal education of children—these doctrines were not originally Communistic; they were the doctrines of Illuminism, incorporated

\*Box 150, Royal Oak, Mich. Mar. 14, 1938.

into the program of International Grand Orient Masonry.

Marx was a philosophical pan-handler, a scientific beggar and a literary plagiarist. "His" theory of "wage slavery" was current during the first French Revolution and was later popularized by Vidal and Pecquer who first advocated the state ownership and control of mines, communications and transportation.

"His" Communism was the Socialism of Babeuf, Blanc, Cabet and Marat.

"His" ideal of internationalism was first propounded by Weishaupt and Cloutz, the originators of international Masonry.

"His" hate of religion and love of irreligion were taken from the same Masonic worthies.

"His" economic doctrine that "labor was the source of all wealth" was propounded first by the English philosophical economists and sociologists — Locke, Petty, Adam Smith and Owen.

Even "his" theory of surplus value was enunciated first by Owen and developed by the Chartists in a work published seven years before Marx began to write (1835).

What is left of Marxism? A conglomerate aggregation of incompatible theories and contradictory hypotheses inspiring the oppressed and persecuted to revolt against all system. Thus, Marx was an im-

poster from the beginning. Artificially creating for himself a messiah complex, he posed as the apostle of a new gospel and the prophet of a new apocalypse.

Marx lived on the bounty of Friederich Engels, his friend and fellow Communist. Engels has been described by the Socialist Guillaume, Secretary of the Internationale, as "a rich manufacturer accustomed to regard workmen as machine fodder and cannon fodder." His large family fortune was made out of the exploitation of workers in the textile mills of Lancashire and Manchester. It has been recorded that the family of Engels was associated with the Rothschilds in building up the famous textile trust of England—a trust created to exploit workers and to inspire them to revolt against small owners and producers, their partners in production.

Marx and Engels lived in the lap of luxury supported by the gold extorted from the blood, tears and sweat of the exploited workers in Engel's textile factories. Yet these men hypocritically discussed the problems of the workers and doled out Judas-like advice to them. Marx betrayed his greatest aid, Nicolai Bakunin, and caused his incarceration in Koenigstein.

It is not true that the Internationale was the creation of Karl

Marx. He remained completely outside the preparatory work that took place from 1862 to 1864. He joined the Internationale at the moment when the initiative of the English and French workmen had just created it. Like the cuckoo he came and laid his egg in a nest which was not his own. His plan from the first day was to make the great working men's organizations the instrument of his personal views.

When Marx seized control of the Internationale it became the organ-

ization of the middle class theorists who were not only unsympathetic, but also hostile to the cause of the working man.

Thus the Internationale, Communist and Socialist, became the instrument of international financiers to carve out a world empire of finance. The middle class officers of the secret society betrayed the cause of the working men who were pawns in the great game—world revolution for the enrichment and empowering of the money masters.



### *From Either Side*

Every congregation is supplied with hypercritics who figure that their dime in the collection box puts them on the board of trustees. They are the high judges of the community, the arbiter who decides that this was right and that was wrong. They take particular pains to make life unpleasant for their pastor. If he asks for money, he is charged with worldliness; if his church falls to pieces, he is a poor financier. If he has bazaars, he is bleeding the people; if he doesn't, there is no social life in the parish. If he preaches more than five minutes he is long-winded; if his sermon is short, he hasn't prepared it. If he calls on his parishioners, he is considered a bore; if he doesn't, he is high-hatted. If he gesticulates during his sermon, he is trying to be dramatic; if he confines himself to the beatitudes, he is condemned for his platitudes. If he owns a car, he is too worldly; if he doesn't, he always arrives too late on sick calls. If he gives advice in the confessional, he is consuming time; if he doesn't, he is not a good director. If he starts Mass on time, his watch is fast; if he starts late, he is holding back the congregation.

The critics keep a pastor's hands full—of everything except money.

Southwest Courier.



# A Merry Martyr

By CATHAL O'BRYNE

Condensed from *The Irish Rosary\**

Holding to honor and humor

Once, long ago, on a golden autumn evening in a garden at Chelsea—it was then a country suburb of London—a King and his chancellor walked arm-in-arm. The King was Henry, the Eighth of that name to sit on the throne of England.

Smaller and more finely fashioned than his royal companion, with a face full of kindness, now grave, now gay, a gracious and cheery manner—for “the good are always merry”—the Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, statesman, lawyer and family man, was a courtier at the King’s court. Of ready wit, his Majesty’s trusted and, apparently, well beloved friend, he was warmly welcomed, not only to the fashionable circles of the Court, but also in the household and at the table of the King.

But Sir Thomas More, being wise in his generation, “put not his trust in princes,” and for all the King’s fair seeming, he was under no illusion with regard to his friendship for him—for him, his Chancellor, an amusing and pleasant companion, with whom to visit in a happy mood when fancy prompted, a privileged courtier, who could be called upon at will to help spend

a pleasant hour with the King.

And, so, the King and the Chancellor walked arm-in-arm under the cherry trees in the sunny garden, but the Chancellor had already learned that light hearts with laurels do not tarry long, and years after, his son-in-law, giving an account of that meeting, could write:

“As soon as his Grace was gone, I, rejoicing thereat, said to Sir Thomas More how happy he was whom the King had so familiarly entertained, as I never had seen him do to any before, except Cardinal Wolsey, whom I saw his Grace walk once with arm-in-arm. ‘I thank our Lord, son,’ quoth he, ‘I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any subject within his realm; howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to go.’”

Friend and *protege* as he was of the great Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More was not afraid to speak out when Pride and Prejudice raised their heads, and Justice called on him to act in her defense. At a discussion in the Privy Council, the story is told of how the Chan-

\**St. Savior's, Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. Mar., 1938.*

cellor strongly opposed a measure introduced by the Cardinal. "You show yourself a foolish councillor, Master More," said the Cardinal. "I thank God," replied More, "that His royal Highness has but one fool in his Council."

A king's minister, bidden to walk, despite his taste for the cool, green darkling nooks of life, in the "fierce white light that beats upon a throne," he used the power of acting as advocate in the councils for the King's good always, and to no sovereign did minister ever dedicate himself, head and heart, body and soul, with more intense devotion than did Sir Thomas More to King Henry the Eighth.

And his light, happy heart carried him through the tedium and past the pitfalls of it all, so that of him it could well be said, he saw "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and fun—as well as good—in everything."

The supreme gift of humor was his in a marked degree. All the things of his everyday world amused him. From his childhood he had such a love of fun that of him it was said, it would seem he had been sent into the world for no other purpose than the making of it. Yet the seeming levity was all on the surface. The saint was inside, for his confessor has left on record that "he was devout in his

divine service, and that he wore a hard and rough shirt of hair always next his skin."

And when, on a day, there came out of France to the Court of King Henry the Eighth in London, a small brown woman—her name was Anne Boleyn—little did the sunny-natured saint and courtier, Sir Thomas More, think that through her would come his undoing and, through her fatal influence with the King, that yonder on Tower Hill his head should fall.

Beautiful the brown woman was not. She had large, grey, languorous eyes, that could blaze to passion, certainly, but she was meagre of stature, had a great wen at her throat, and the added disfigurement of having an extra finger on one hand. Bringing with her, however, all the artificial graces and pretty foibles of the foreign Court, she lost no time and spared no pains in making herself attractive to the King. How well she succeeded is history today. For from the first moment that the King's eyes met those of the small brown woman, in her hands he was as plastic as the potter's clay.

Before long, Henry, setting his square jaw against all opposition—including that of Sir Thomas More—sought to rid himself of the Queen, and, on the Pope refusing to sanction a divorce, proclaimed

his own supremacy in religious matters, and ordered the clergy to recognize him as the "Supreme Head of the Anglican Church, and forbade them to hold any meeting whatsoever without his permission."

And thus the Protestant heresy was born.

With little delay, the King putting away his lawful wife, was married to Anne Boleyn, and after the ceremony, by the King's orders, three of the Bishops wrote to Sir Thomas More, begging him to be present at the Coronation. More, refusing, wrote reminding the Bishops that "by risking honor they would not escape the danger that threatened their heads." He himself might lose his life, but his own honor he would preserve.

Eight months later at Lambeth Palace, in the presence of the Court and the King's councillors, all were required to swear to the Oath of Supremacy, acknowledging King Henry the Eighth as Head of the Church. This Sir Thomas More refused to do, and being thereupon held for high treason, he was condemned to the Tower, there to await his sentence. Arrived at "Traitor's Gate," as he stepped out of the barge, the porter demanded of him, as was the custom, his upper garment, meaning his cloak. "Master porter," quoth he, "here it

is," and took off his cap and delivered it to him saying, "I am sorry it is no better for thee."

Sir Thomas More held that the desertation of Queen Catherine and the filling of her place by Anne Boleyn were matters of weight between the King and his conscience, but that the Oath of Supremacy touched his own. He gave his life as the price of his loyalty to the Pope as Head of the Church—"nor yet in any other thing else, never was there, nor never there shall be, any further fault found in me than that I cannot in everything think the same way that some other men of wisdom and deeper learning do, nor can I find in mine heart otherwise to say than as mine own conscience giveth me."

And before the Court, after his condemnation, he professed his faith—"Since I am condemned, and God knows how, I wish to speak freely of your statute, for the discharge of my conscience. For the seven years that I have studied the matter, I have not read in any approved Doctor of the Church that a temporal lord could, or ought to be head of the spirituality. For one Bishop of your opinion I have a hundred saints of mine, and for one Parliament of yours, and God knows what kind, I have all the General Councils for 1000 years. More have I not to say, my Lords,

but that though your Lordships have now here on earth been Judges to my condemnation, may we yet hereafter in heaven merrily all meet together to everlasting salvation."

And Margaret, his beloved daughter "Meg," in a letter to her sister, writes of her visit to him in the Tower, "I found him out of pain, and, as one in his case might, meekly well-minded, after our seven psalms and the litany said, to sit and talk and be merry." And in his last letter to her, referring to their last meeting, he writes, "I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last, for I love when daughterly love and dear charity hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy. Farewell, my dear child, and pray for me, and I shall for you, and all your friends, that we may merrily meet in heaven."

At the last leave-taking with his friend, Sir Thomas Pope, who could not refrain from weeping, More said, "Quiet yourself, good

Master Pope, and be not discomfited, for I trust that we shall once in heaven see each other full merrily, where we shall be sure to live and love together, in joyful bliss eternally."

During his walk from the cell to the scaffold on Tower Hill, his one wish was to cheer his friends and companions in that his last hour. Of his demeanor on the scaffold it was said, "That innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last. His death was a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind."

He kept his happy heart to the end. And thus, there in his latest hour at the door of death and doom, did Saint Thomas More prove that "the good are always merry," even in "evil chance."



### *The Mediocre Man*

The characteristic trait of the Mediocre Man is his deference to current opinion. He never speaks, he repeats. He judges a man according to social and economic position, his success, his wealth. He has the highest respect for those who are widely known, regardless of what they are known for; his idols are those currently in the public prints. He would pay court to his most cruel enemy if this enemy were suddenly to become celebrated; but he does not care much about even his closest friends as long as they remain uncologized by anyone. It is not possible for him to believe that a man might very well be a genius and yet obscure, poor and unknown.

Ernest Hello in *The Light of the East* (Feb., '38).

# Should Women Work?

Yes, but where?

By FREDERICK W. FRIES

Condensed from *The Grail*\*

**Colonial** women spent much time spinning and weaving. The products were primarily intended for the household itself. When extra money was needed, however, the housewife would do a little work on the side for her friends and neighbors.

Gradually the horizon broadened. Business sharks began to hire women to weave and spin for them in their homes on a commission basis. Large rooms were fitted out with hand looms. One can here see faint glimmerings of the factory system.

In 1814 something occurred that was to change the course of industrial history. That year saw the construction of the first power loom at Waltham, Massachusetts. Many others followed throughout New England, with such rapidity that in six years textile manufacturing became a definite industry.

Those women who had come to depend on domestic weaving for a great deal of their livelihood, found the factories offering goods at half the price they had to charge for it. Competition was out of the question.

The new factories, moreover, with their semi-automatic machines, created a demand for a new type

of labor. Slaves, even though available, were unfitted to operate the delicate machinery, and free men were either too busy with agriculture or altogether unwilling to work for the nominal fees the factories offered. Free women, on the other hand, were ideally suited.

Though they were, by reason of their domestic labors, as much workers as men (more so, perhaps), they had never before, generally speaking, worked for wages. So any remuneration they might get for working in the manufactories seemed to them pure gain. Of course, they were soon disillusioned. But it was too late. Women employment was definitely in.

Factories rose up with weed-like rapidity, and the demand for women in industry increased in stride. In 1827, it is estimated, in the six Lowell cotton mills nine-tenths of the employees were women.

With the coming of industrial competition, employers thought it time to start cutting wages. The cuts were usually drastic, often 25 per cent.

During the early thirties many strikes were organized; and the women marched in colorful, if not effective, parades protesting the in-

\**St. Meinrad, Ind. Apr., 1938.*

justice of their greedy employers.

As the years went by, women began to realize as much as the men that industry was no place for them. The home was their place, in general, and the home needed them. However, just when it seemed that the evil might be nipped in the bud, something unforeseen occurred; and the demand for women employment broke out afresh.

In the early sixties came the call to battle and with it a new influx of women into the factories to fill the places of the soldiers. The Civil War, besides creating an increased number of vacancies, afforded a greater variety of jobs.

When the smoke of the battle lifted, thousands were left widowed or fatherless; and so, economic necessity forced them to hold their jobs.

In the gay nineties, women were still being paid a mere five cents an hour in most industries. Two important inventions had given a new impetus to their employment: the telephone and the typewriter.

Curiously enough, women were not employed in the telephone exchanges from the very beginning. Boys and young men were tried at first, but proved unsatisfactory. The women seemed more likely. They were more polite and patient; their voices carried better.

Then there was clerical work.

Women were found to be possessed of a slightly greater degree of finger dexterity, and could, allegedly, run the "new-fangled" office machines with more proficiency. They were, and still are, supposed to be somewhat neater than the men; but this point is a matter of eternal dispute. (It is rather striking to note that, for some unscientific reason or other, all the great court stenographers today are men.) Suffice it to say that women invaded and gradually took over all the telephone exchanges and office buildings in the country. Women stenographers soon outnumbered the men 15 to one.

Then, of course, came the World War and the identical situation occasioned by the national conflict 50 years before. Jobs were left open. They had to be filled. The burden fell on the women.

The World War offered a greater variety of jobs than ever before. Women entered into places where angels feared to tread. They were successful, and were paid accordingly.

Naturally, when the war was over, women exercised squatters' rights, and held on to their jobs. That left a lot of men out in the rain.

And there are a great many men still out in the rain today. Though the years of depression have served to bring many women to a saner



attitude, women employment is still a great problem.

Women are in open competition with men for positions that are in no sense suitable for the weaker sex. Some types of jobs they have completely monopolized. Has not this usurpation some connection with our present unemployment situation?

The fact that women are paid less wages than men has served to drag down the whole wage scale. Men are penalized as much as they. According to *Business Week*, even in very recent years, Connecticut needlework sweat-shops paid women and girl employees as low as a dollar a week.

Setting aside the economic arguments against women employment, we find the social and moral results

even more serious. There is reason to believe that three of the greatest evils of our day—divorce, birth control, and juvenile delinquency—can be traced in great part, to women employment.

One author contends that women are now merely doing jobs out of the home that they once did in the home. They have carried their tasks, he says, out of the unorganized society of the home into the organized society of 20th century industrialism. They used to teach their own children; now they teach somebody else's. The woman who cooked and served her family's meals now cooks and serves somebody else's family's, and so on. But the worst result of the industrial revolution is that it has taken women *out of the home*. It has de-domesticated them.



### *Divorce Idea*

The granting of a divorce is only the legal recognition of the fact that a family relationship has severed itself into two distinct parts. Why then should it be limited to husbands and wives? If Mamma can get divorced from Papa, why can not Sonny get divorced from Mamma, if he so chooses? It is really unfair to single out parents for this happy privilege. It is almost class legislation. Certainly, if the husband can have his relationship with the wife declared null and void, children can have their relationships with parents dissolved. It is only just. I foresee a time when the social philosophy will have received another just defeat, when cousin can get divorce from cousin, brother from sister, father from son, and great-aunt from great-niece.

Marshall Smelser in *The Fleur De Lis* (March, '38).



# Soviet Prisons

By One Who Was in Them

Justice blindfolded blind

Condensed from *The Christian Family and Our Missions*\*

**What** life within prison walls in Russia means at the present time, no visitor to that country becomes aware of, unless he should have the "good luck" to be placed behind prison bars himself. The writer had that "good luck," and this for seven long months; it was a time of bitter suffering, to be sure, but it gave me a deep insight into conditions predominant in Russian prisons.

In my cell there was a Georgian, who had taken a leading part in the revolt in the year 1924. The revolt was quashed in blood. Until 1925 the man mentioned succeeded in hiding himself, but finally he was found and arrested. By the most cruel tortures the Czecka tried to force him to confess the names of the other leading revolutionaries. How the Czecka went about this, the Georgian told me himself in the following words, "They undressed me entirely and led me into a cellar. There I was pushed into a dark passageway, at the other end of which several steps led down into a second cellar. The floor of one-half of this second cellar consisted, not of boards, but of a grate, which was lit from below. On this grate lay a corpse, face downward,

with a gun-wound in the back of the head. The blood was still trickling down along the neck. My guard showed me this corpse with the remark that I had still 24 hours time to think over what I would do."

The following night this Georgian was again summoned, and with fear and agony in his face he bade us good-bye. When morning dawned he returned, shaved, perfumed, his pockets filled with cigarettes, some of which he gave us and told us what had happened to him last night. The guard had again taken him before the judge, who in turn had vainly sought to get from him the names of his accomplices in the revolt. Finally, the judge rang for the guard to come and ordered him to take the man into the cellar once more. Arrived there, the guard handcuffed the man and chained him fast to a side-wall of the passageway mentioned above, this in such a manner that he could see both exits of the alleyway. Now there began for him a night of terror. A Czeckist planted himself with raised pistol in a small niche near the exit in such a way that he stood entirely in the dark, while the cellar remained brightly illuminated. Suddenly

\**Techny, Ill. Apr., 1938.*

voices were heard. A man was shoved in, exactly as had been done with our man the night before. A naked aged man, with a long white beard, descends the steps into the cellar. There is the report of a gun; covered with blood the old man sinks upon the grate—a bullet had shattered the back of his head. The Czeckist stepped out of his niche to see whether the old man was dead, then smilingly winked an eye at the Georgian, and again disappeared. All is quiet again, then new voices are heard, some one is led in; it is a young woman, almost a child, and again the same spectacle is repeated. Then another person is brought in, and still another, and another, and thus it goes on all night; the Georgian could remember only the 17th shot when he became unconscious.

The experiences of this terrible night has so affected the man, both physically and mentally, that he betrayed the names of his accomplices in the revolt, and thus gained his freedom.

Whoever gets sick may report for the lazaret. However, only the unknowing ones do that. For, the lazaret is a place that the G.P.U. makes use of only to get rid of prisoners, especially foreigners, whom they do not venture to shoot directly. As a rule, you hear then that such and such a one died of "heart failure." During my stay at

Butyriki alone, 12 of my acquaintances died of "heart failure," and in each case death occurred after eating fish conserves. Persons who returned from the lazaret alive told me that there does not a day pass without a sudden death of that kind. For this reason even the really sick do not have recourse to a prison doctor; they fear that, in that case, they would be delivering themselves over to a hangman.

But there is still a worse place of punishment than the jail, and that is the "hole." A friend of mine once spent 36 hours in this place. The "hole" is a walled cave one yard long and one and a half yards wide and high, without a window; the floor is covered with water knee-deep. My friend arrived there in January when it was bitter cold, and he was compelled to drink hot water all the time he was there in order just to keep alive. The prisoner who is confined in the "hole" has to take off his clothes, only his shirt being allowed him; under pain of death he is forbidden to sit down upon the "parasha" (an iron vessel); he must either stand or, if his strength gives out, sit down in ice-cold water, from which only his head and shoulders protrude. He gets nothing to eat. My friend died two weeks after this torture from pneumonia.

What have these prisoners done,

who are tortured in this inhuman way? Who are they?

Those arrested can be classified in two groups. The first group comprises those who are systematically persecuted by the Soviets: priests, men of the church-councils, farmers who refused to pay their taxes or who have revolted, laborers who dared to go on a strike, above all, former Social Democrats, or such that had anything to do with foreigners. About 30 per cent of the prisoners are foreigners. Among these we find, separated from the rest, a small number of Communists, who have come to the "Communist Paradise" filled with naive illusions. Now they are confined in prisons because they have discovered the truth about Soviet Russia and had the courage to speak out about it.

The second group are those who are arrested by order of the political bureau. They consist of all classes of the population, and all have their turns according to their vocations and occupations. Today, for example, all those belonging to the "paper branch" will be arrested; tomorrow those of the "iron branch," and so forth. These arrests of the masses are all planned in advance, in order that the different classes of the people may not forget for a moment that the iron fist of the political bureau and of its ex-

ecutive organ rests upon their necks.

The judicial proceeding is a mockery of justice in pronouncing sentence upon a human being. If the accused is found guilty, he will have to wait several months longer before sentence is pronounced, while the procedure itself takes place in a few seconds. Here is an example: On the 11th of December, 1925, when sentence was pronounced on my son and me, I carried, as my written description, the number 125; hence there had been already 124 cases heard and judged before my own on that day. But I have seen sentences that bore the number 350, and all had been pronounced at the same sitting. Since there are about five or six persons connected with every case heard, this means that 2,000 persons are judged in three or four hours' time.

The most terrible moments are those in which prisoners "with baggage" are summoned to leave the cells on Tuesdays. Every one knows that they have but few hours more to live. These sentences take place each week, year in and year out, in the night from Tuesday to Wednesday.

The following Tuesday when the names are called out, no one any longer stands at the door listening, all remain on their bunks and pretend to be asleep. The door opens, the hangman enters, "Where is such

and such a one keeping himself?" comes threateningly from him. Quickly the poor fellow sought is found. "Pack your duds!" he is told harshly. His comrades wish to comfort him by saying, "Have courage, now you will be set free." But these are empty words which no one believes any more. Everyone knows that such a one is being taken to the slaughter. On these Tuesdays there prevails an awful silence in the prisons, interrupted only by the sighs of the unhappy prisoners rolling about, sleepless, upon their bunks. The following morning they are hardly recognizable: the faces pale, the eyes sunken and surrounded by dark rings—thus they live on till the next Tuesday; and so on from week to week.

One scene is unforgettable to me. Solicitous about the arrest of my son (who had been arrested before me), I used to go to the Spiridin-

owka 30, to the highest court, in order to speak to the attorney-general. There I met a woman who also came to speak for her son, a 17-year-old lad. I saw her go in to the attorney-general—five minutes later she was carried out unconscious and cast upon a pile of snow in the yard. "Your son was shot last Tuesday," she had been told.

During the seven months of my confinement over 100 of my cellmates alone were put to death on such Tuesday evenings. In Butyrki their number grows to thousands already, not counting Lubjanka 14, the so-called "inner prison" of the G. P. U., each of which has its Tuesday executions, many a one even more than one "Tuesday." Tens of thousands are shot to death, some months there are more, other months fewer—but unceasingly the devilish machine of the G. P. U. is at work.



### *Dog Eat Dog*

Communism and Liberalistic Capitalism, so much vilified the one by the other, are similar beasts, provided with similar offensive apparatus, seeking to devour the same prey. Lacordaire so often ahead of his time, illustrated the very point with a pleasant fable: "A lamb was feeding in an oasis of Arabia. The roar of a lion was heard, the monarch of the desert appeared, and was about to spring on the defenseless animal. But remark! Another lion moved by the same hunger rushed on from the opposite side of the wilderness: they regard each other; they struggle together; they tear each other to bits, while the lamb feeds tranquilly.

J. F. T. Prince in *Creative Revolution* (Bruce, '38).

# The Parish Theatre

By EMMET LAVERY

Broadway in any town

Condensed from *The Michaelman*\*

**We** all have various reasons for believing in the parish theatre. But I have a very special one that is all my own.

It goes back to the time in 1933 when I was working on the first draft of *The First Legion*. I had the nebulous idea that there might be drama in a story of men-in-the-Church and casually mentioned the fact to a young curate during rehearsals of a play which I was directing for his parish theatre.

"You know," he exclaimed softly, "that reminds me of the story of a young musician I once heard."

And so the first act of *The First Legion* came out of a rehearsal in a parish theatre, for, while I did not use the original story told me by my friend, I did seize upon a variation of it with considerable alacrity.

So it is not surprising that I believe in the parish theatre as the very keystone of the Catholic Theatre Conference which is now functioning at Catholic University. But then I have always believed in the parish theatre—first, as the most simple, most universal and most dramatic method of projecting the Catholic way of life for the masses of our people; second, as a constructive substitute for the rising

perils of bingo and similar gambling.

I believe too in a parish theatre with high standards. For if we fail to raise the spiritual and intellectual level of our parishes from one generation to another, we simply surrender our heritage. The sense of exaltation, the subtle power of imitation, the heroic sweep of a good story, all these are ours to work with in the parish theatre. Moreover they are available in a medium which is readily within our control and which will survive so long as there are dramatic instincts in the human heart.

Make no mistake about it. The theatre is not dying. We are not serving an outmoded art form. The talkies are one thing. The theatre is another. And there are times when the parish theatre offers heights which even the most experienced professional cannot scale, for there is a certain quality emanating from the folk who "do it for fun" that is never matched by the highest paid mimes.

Remember for instance that the Abbey was definitely amateur in the best sense of the word, when it began. Remember too that very often your best professional is mere-

\**St. Michael's College, Winooski, Vt. Jan., 1938.*

ly a fellow with a voice that records well or a face that screens satisfactorily. Sometimes his only certificate of worth is a paid-up membership in Actors' Equity. Is he to be compared to the doctor, the lawyer, the judge, the storekeeper, the teacher who walks on night after night in some little parish theatre giving of his very soul and truly creating in the image of the Author of all things?

I see the parish theatre as an exciting force in American life which is limited only by its own sense of values. If it has the courage and vision to do such beautiful productions as Don Marquis' *The Dark Hours*, the sky will be the limit! If it is content to do the shoddy stuff, the pale farces and comedies of yesterday instead of the best of the modern theatre, then it will never raise its head among the stars.

Surely it isn't so hard. We have the theatres. We have the person-

nel. And we have the clearing house in the Catholic Theatre Conference to coordinate the work of collective action in Catholic Theatre.

And, oh yes, we have the plays. Don't let anyone say we haven't. Federal Theatre is bringing out in its first listing of Catholic plays more than 90 major titles, of which 25 are plays professionally famous.

Odd, isn't it that we had to wait for Federal Theatre to inventory our assets for us? And to wait for Federal Theatre to bring us T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*? Odd too that so many of these major 90 titles had their start on other than Catholic stages!

But that was yesterday. Tomorrow we should be able to go Federal Theatre one better by way of collective action. When the next play as fine as *Murder in the Cathedral* comes along, perhaps we can give it multiple productions in our college and parish theatres.

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### *Nice to Get Up*

I object on principle and from experience to the popular fallacy "It's nice to get up in the morning." I take my stand with the old actor who, when the newly-appointed stage carpenter suggested coming in at seven o'clock in the morning, replied, "Laddie, there's no such hour."

Let us be done with hypocrisy. No one ever "gets up" of his own free will. We are "got up." We have livings to make and stomachs to fill. Dire necessity, actuating through an alarm clock or an immediate relative, forces us into our trousers morning after morning. (I did "get up" once, but it was to retrieve the bedclothes, which I had kicked off during the night.)

John Desmond Sheridan in *The Father Mathew Record* (Feb., '38).



# Communist Hymn at the Garden

By J. EDGAR WESTFIELD

Wolves say baa, baa

Condensed from *America\**

**Last** night I attended my first Communist meeting. The Central Committee of the Party staged it at Madison Square Garden as a Party Builders Congress. Delegates from all the States were present. Red flags and the American flags reflected the sentiments of the sponsors. Giant runners around the balconies announced Communist slogans. Every seat, except one or two in the balcony, was occupied. The whole show was amazing.

All the glamor and the martial spirit of our war meetings of 1917 were revived in this meeting. The delegates filed onto the stage. The band struck up a military air. From behind the platform, the veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade paraded into the aisles. The lights were dimmed. Spotlights played on the colors and the uniformed figures. Sustained applause greeted the marchers. Sixteen or 17 thousand voices roared approval. I had always thought that the newspapers exaggerated the numbers of those present at the Communist meetings in Madison Square Garden, that some friend of the Party had sent in the figures, or that a little greenback to a reporter made him see ten instead of two. There were no

padded figures last night. They were there in force and the sympathy was evident.

From the very first speech by "our own Jimmie Ford," the Negro Vice-Presidential candidate, the consciousness of this fact grew with me: they are usurping every sacred and fundamental American tradition that we have. Twisting the meaning of Washington's words, appealing to the Negro through Abraham Lincoln, paralleling the aid of France in the days of the Revolution with the support of Loyalist Spain, denouncing the Tories of '76 and the Royalists of today, bringing Europe and her conflicts into the sympathies of the oppressed classes of America, the speakers aroused in their listeners a feeling of patriotism for Communism that would make the uninitiated, the emotionally-moved citizen almost believe that one cannot really be an American who would see anything but good in the Communist appeal. I felt very grateful for my Catholic Faith and training as I listened to the spell-binders misrepresent the facts and sway the hungry hearts of those who saw visions of a new paradise.

And yet I could not convince my-

*\*329 W. 108th St., New York City. Mar. 12, 1938.*

self that it was just ballyhoo. They were too earnest in their presentation; the audience was too intent and awed to toss it aside lightly. It had a good deal of the blare of a political convention, but you felt they really meant it. It had a good deal of the spirit of a college smoker, but you realized the stakes were much greater. It had some of the strain of a holy roller assembly, but it never became hysterical. There was a solidarity, there was a common response of collective thinking, there was a unified reaction that I had never before witnessed. The magician waved his wand and the dour faces lightened and dull hearts beat faster. It would have been entertaining had I never read Marx's *Manifesto* or the *Program* of the Communist International and known how terrifying it was to be.

I was interested in the class of people present. It was as hard to analyze them as it was to analyze the spirit of the meeting. They were dressed as well as any ordinary American group. But outside of a red scarf, or a red feather or a red band that was distinctive, it was the ordinary run of people whom you meet in the subway or on the street that made up the audience.

Browder had the gripe and could not be present. I was disappointed. It was to see this man especially that I had come. Clarence Hatha-

way, the editor of the *Daily Worker*, read a letter from him. Hathaway himself is no mediocre artist of bombast. Browder must be good if he can do better than his substitute.

The denial of Russian relationship and the denial of the intent to throw over the government by force sounded as sincere and earnest as a Catholic Bishop reading the Encyclical of Pius XI. It was a great appeal to the "unthinking masses." It was the most astounding bit of brazen effrontery I had ever heard. With the *Program* of the Communist International reeking with the idea of world revolution and plainly demanding absolute obedience to the clique who run the International, and with the memory of the World Congress of Moscow in 1935 still fresh in mind, it seemed unbelievable that this pronouncement could be so boldly broadcasted. Sadder still was the thought "and they are getting away with it."

The next step, that of throwing aside the whole Communistic program and advocating some kind of a "democracy of Socialism" until the time was ripe for the majority to put in the real program, was a complete about-face. Knowing that Hathaway has admitted in private, though of course not for public consumption, that the majority will liquidate the minority in blood, if

necessary, the horns of the evil spirit stuck out clearly through the mask. Evidently, the only hope they have at present is to wipe out completely the American aversion for the name of Communism.

This meeting of the national delegates of the Party Builders Congress was an eye-opener to me. Here were the men and women, white and black, who had increased the membership, the dues-paying membership of the Party, by 25,000 in about six months. It was small, very small in proportion to the actual numbers in the country and yet it was sinister, it was awesome, it was depressing. Consider it as merely a wedge, a seed, a spark, as you like, the disturbing thought about it was the consciousness that

to date there has been no real defense against it. You cannot battle an appeal to the emotions and a barrage of half-truths with syllogisms and distinctions when the battlefield is the brain of a needle worker.

Unless I am cracking up under the strain of middle-age and a diet of coca-cola and graham crackers, the Church and the State in America will soon have a fight on their hands that will require full time strategists and field leaders. The sooner that fact is realized, the quicker will there be a real defense established to put this "20th Century Americanism" of the Communist back into the book of Marx's *Manifesto* from which it has escaped.



### *Now as Then*

We talk of dangers that threaten the Church, but which century did not know them? And did not every century show victory in the grasp of the Church's enemies? Was there ever a period of rest and peace? We remember Nero, and Julian the Apostate, and the days of Constantine, when the world awoke and discovered in amazement that it was Arian; the days of Attila, Mohammed, Luther and Napoleon. Were those days of rest and security? And what has happened to the Church? Her opponents have died, and the Church, unarmed, has survived them all. The storm blows over, the air is cleared, and the bark of the Church, storm-beaten and battered, but seaworthy, rides among the floating wrecks of ships that had encompassed her ruin.

Historisch-Politische Blatter (1844).

# Michelangelo

By BESS GRAHAM

Condensed from *The Sodalist*\*

He painted out the villain

In Northern Italy the winter sun glistened on the icy tops of the Apennines. It brightly caressed the city of Bologna, snuggling below. Then like huge golden fingers it swept through the windows of Michelangelo Buonarroti's atelier, and played on the colossal statue of Pope Julius II.

Three times as large as life, this was a splendid likeness, and in the venerable countenance was a dignity and majesty well befitting to his great office. The figure was represented in a sitting position with the right hand upraised in the act of blessing, while in the left were the keys of St. Peter.

A man, between thirty-five or six, neither tall nor short, garbed in a drab robe, stood before the statue. His shaggy head was uplifted, and his melancholy face with its crooked nose and ill-kempt beard accentuated his homeliness. Such was Michelangelo.

Never had he done anything better. A shadow seemed to touch him as he continued to contemplate it. More than 18 months of toil and heartbreak had made this masterpiece possible. Criticism, jealousy, even enmity, from others of his profession, had trailed him as he

worked on the masterpiece.

Now it was finished, ready for all Bologna to view and pass judgment on. The pain and weariness as well as the agony of failure in its first casting were all forgotten. Today, in a vast celebration, it would be carried to the church of San Petronia, and there, in its principal facade, it would stand for ages as a memorial to Pope Julius.

His Holiness had not seen it since it was cast, but had liked well the clay model on his last visit. If it now met with his approval the sculptor would again be invited to Rome. A faint smile touched the artist's rugged face. If he were fortunate enough to return to the Holy City he would guard carefully his own passionate ways as well as those of Bramante.

A slight sound came to his door, and he swung about as a vibrant voice exclaimed, "My son!"

The Pope! Michelangelo gasped, and his ugly face reddened at this unexpected honor.

Alone, without his usual retinue of Cardinals and courtiers, Julius II, stood on the threshold of the atelier. Majestic with his snow-white beard, he advanced, making a stately picture in his white robe,

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. Feb., 1938.

purple cape, and red velvet skull cap.

Instantly the sculptor sank on his knees before him.

"Rise, rise, Buonarroti," he was commanded. "We wished to view this before it was taken hence." And as the Pope indicated the statue a great ruby sparkled on his finger.

The young man stood beside him, and watched anxiously the keen glance flash on every detail of his work. "The drapery is rich and magnificent." His Holiness' eyes twinkled friendliness and humor, then, knowing the sensitiveness of the artist, he added hastily, "It is good . . . worthy of Michelangelo."

"You are most kind, Holy Father," the usually gruff voice softened slightly, and the swarthy face brightened when this invitation came, "We wish you again to take your work in Rome."

"Your Holiness will be served faithfully." Then he added diffidently, "That is as soon as my obligations in Florence are fulfilled."

A kindly hand was laid upon his shoulder. "See that you return to us soon."

After his distinguished visitor had departed, Michelangelo perched on a workstool, and looked at the statue. As he sat there he drifted back into the past. Again he was a boy, studying things he hated, in Francesco da Urbino's school. Yet

always, as far as he could, secretly spending much time in drawing. And whenever his father came upon these sketches he was scolded roundly, for art was considered too lowly for one of his noble birth. Then he met Francesco Granacci, who was learning to paint with Domenico del Ghirlandajo. This meeting opened a new outlook, and Michelangelo's father was forced to allow him to study in the great painter's bottega. He had been but 14, yet had made such great progress as to amaze the master. At this time Lorenzo de' Medici founded an academy for painters and sculptors in the garden of the palace, and in this beautiful spot the terraces and alleys were adorned with antique figures in marble as well as paintings and other things by the best artists.

Buonarroti flung back a lock of rough hair from his brow. It had not been long before that Granacci and he were numbered among the students in this famous school. He remembered well how he set out to imitate the ancient head of an old faun. Never had he touched marble before, but he succeeded so well as to astonish the great Medici. It had been his own idea to open the mouth of the head to show the tongue and teeth, and even now he could see his famous patron, standing close by, could hear him speak-

ing gravely, as he always did, even when in jest.

"You ought to know, Michelangelo," he said, "that old men never have all their teeth, but have always lost some."

Thinking his lord was in earnest, no sooner had he departed than he snatched up a chisel and broke away a tooth, then altered the gum. How impatiently he had awaited the return of Lorenzo, and when he came he was hurt and amazed at his laughter. That is, until his magnificence explained that his criticism was but made in jest. This incident opened the doors of the palace, where for a long time he was treated as a son of the Medici.

The ringing of bells, and shouts of the people announced the unveiling of the statue of Julius II in its niche at San Petronia. After the ceremony Michelangelo left for Florence, eager to finish his work there so as to return to the Eternal City and complete the Pope's tomb.

Soon after, in Rome, one Saturday evening when His Holiness was supping he sent for Bramante. "San Gallo, the architect," he said, "is going to Florence tomorrow, and we expect that he will bring back Michelangelo."

A cynical smile curved the man's lips. "Now," he answered, "that your Holiness is more interested in the restoration of St. Peter's than in

the mausoleum, why not have the Florentine paint the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel"

Pope Julius was pleased with this suggestion. He believed in Bramante, who was a fine architect, and did not realize that the man was jealous of Michelangelo. "A fine idea!" he exclaimed. "Buonarroti will have an opportunity to add one more jewel to the crown of his fame."

"Of course, Holy Father," replied the other suavely, "he may not have courage to undertake such a work. These frescoes must be painted on the ceiling and foreshortened. Remember, he is a sculptor, and what painting he has done is different."

"Courage! He has plenty of that," answered the Pontiff, "and he can and will do this work for us."

The architect smiled. Never did he believe that Michelangelo would be mad enough to accept such a commission. If he did, it would surely be his downfall in art. Should he refuse, that would cause dissension. Either way, the Florentine was bound to lose.

When the young sculptor arrived in Rome and discovered what had happened he came dangerously near flying into one of his rages. His friends quickly warned him and discretion won. Yet, when he visited the Vatican, he implored, "Holy Father I am not a painter.



I shall fail. Why not ask Raphael Santi, he can do these frescoes as you wish."

"You can do anything in art," chided the Pope. "Have you not had good color training with del Ghirlandajo in Florence? So you will paint me a beautiful Bible story of the creation of the earth, and of man, the entrance of sin into the world and of the flood."

When the young artist shook his shaggy head the Pope, smiling, added, "Cheer up my son, we will show the Romans that you are as mighty with the brush as you are with the chisel."

With many misgivings Michelangelo reluctantly consented, and determined to do his best. He made designs which so pleased the old Pontiff that he urged him to start work at once. But there were difficulties to overcome. Bramante, in putting up the scaffolding, had pierced holes in the dome through which the cords went to hold up the beams. As this was where the frescoes were to be painted it was most unsightly, and the artist asked, "What shall I do with these holes?"

"They are bad," admitted the architect, "but no one can build better scaffolding."

"Humph!" Buonarroti grunted, then glared at him. "If you have no remedy to offer I must take up

the matter with His Holiness."

When these complaints were presented to Julius, he ordered, "Do what you think best. We know that you can devise something better."

With this permission Michelangelo had all beams removed, and constructed a scaffolding without cords or hole. This work was hailed as a new invention, and much applauded, which, no doubt, did not elate Bramante.

The frescoes were started, and after many trials with various workmen Michelangelo discharged all but his color-grinder, and determined to go on alone. Thereafter, no one but the Pope was allowed on the scaffolding. But scarcely had the first picture been blocked in than up blew a violent north wind, and the wall began to exude and colors disappeared. The Florentine was happy. Now, he thought, "I shall be able to withdraw honorably from a task I hate."

An audience with the Pontiff was asked for, and when the young man was shown into His Holiness' presence, he explained what had happened, adding, "Holy Father, all that I have done is destroyed."

"Do not be discouraged, Buonarroti. We will send for your friend San Gallo. He will know what has caused the mischief."

Guiliano San Gallo saw what had

occurred. The plaster had been too wet, and moisture had sunk in producing a mould on the outer surface, but had caused no further injury.

So the much disgruntled artist was forced to continue the painting of the frescoes. The work was difficult, not only because it was a new technique, but because he was obliged to paint with his head thrown far back so as to be able to see the ceiling. Later when the paintings were finished it was many months before he could read a letter or a book without holding it high over his head.

The first half of the frescoes were finished in the autumn of 1509. Immediately His Holiness wished to show it to the people, but its creator began to make excuses. The last touches were wanting, also gold in different ornaments and lights had not been laid on. Finally, at the

Pope's insistence, he put aside his colors and brushes and permitted the beams to be removed.

As the workmen tore away the scaffolding, Julius stood, in the midst of dust and confusion, watching and admiring as each picture appeared. Well he knew that he was giving to the world something so precious that it would endure long after he was gone.

On All Saints' Day the people of Rome, and from surrounding villages gathered in an enormous throng in the Sistine Chapel. Murmurs of wonder and approval came as they gazed upon these paintings.

One can well imagine the chagrin of Bramante, who, through a desire to ruin the famous man, had only succeeded in adding to him greater laurels. As for Pope Julius, he was so happy that he urged that the others be finished so he could look upon them before he died.



### *Jesuitry*

Issuing from his Manresan cave, forgotten by the world which he had forgotten, and rejected in the land which bore him, single and unaided he constructed and set in motion a force that stemmed and rolled back the Reformation which had engulfed the North and threatened to conquer Christendom. He cast the foundations of his Order deep; and, satisfied that his work was good, died—leaving it for legacy only the God-required gift that all men should speak ill of it.

From *The Life of St. Ignatius*, by Francis Thompson.

# The Crucifix

By ELSIE ROBINSON

Condensed from *Chicago American*\*

Experience of a non-Catholic

**Lent** inevitably comes, whether one be Christian or Jew, Atheist, Buddhist or Mohammedan. For always, whatever our color or creed, the heart is the same.

Always there are periods when the heart must kneel in bloody sweat, in some Gethsemane, and know the Judas kiss, the crown of thorns, and faint beneath the burden of the Cross—and come, at last, to bloody Calvary.

Those Stations of the Cross—they're not the trail on which just one brave spirit walked. They are the stations which we all must pass, until we find new hope and healing in the Cross.

And so it happened, when my own black hour came, I held the Cross. And wrote the thing I'm handing on today. There's no new wisdom in my tumbling words. But there's the loneliness we all must share—and there's the hope we all can clutch when our own strength shall fail.

I have a crucifix.

No, I'm not a Catholic. Nor is this crucifix the symbol of any creed. There is nothing mystic or mysterious about it. It is a part of my common, daily life, and it is treated as such. I carry it in my shopping

bag. Does that seem careless treatment? It is the most honorable treatment I can accord it, for it testifies to my constant need of it.

My crucifix was given me at a time of a loss that brought with it an agony which must endure until I die.

I am not a very brave person. I am not at all a patient person. I resent agony. I rebel against it. I'm apt to be bitter and selfish and disturbing to others when I am in pain. When this great agony came, I saw plainly that my life was liable to become a dangerous derelict that would maim and cripple many other lives in its aimless, desperate wandering.

In spite of the grief which obsessed me, I did not want this thing to be. It was bad enough that I myself should be ruined. I did not want to ruin others also.

Thinking of that, I turned to my friend Laura. She too had known great sorrow, yet through it all she had remained serene. Was it because of her religion? What was there in any religion that could do that to a soul so sorely smitten?

"I wish I had your faith," I said to Laura. "If only I had something that I could hold to now. Intel-

\*© 1938, *King Features Syndicate*, New York City.

lectually I believe that God is true, and that all things work toward some good end. But there is no comfort for me in intellect now."

And on the next day Laura sent me a crucifix with these words, "It is the symbol of pain borne with dignity."

That is why I carry a crucifix in my shopping bag, and why that carven figure with outstretched arms, the proud wrenched face, is never far from anything I touch.

I need His pride so terribly.

I want to be as gallant as He was in the face of suffering. I want to learn to pay, as He did—holding love worth while, no matter what it cost. I want to pay the price such dreams must always cost, with my

head held high, my lips sealed against all whimpering.

I think we need the lesson of the Cross all our lives. We've come to think of pain as such a nuisance—an unnecessary thing. We've come to think that sacrifice is sentimental, and that if anything costs agony it isn't worth having.

We feel it's a bad bargain to love too deeply, to believe too greatly, to risk too much. And if life, or love, lead to tragedy, we cry out bitterly—as though we'd been cheated—as though we regretted our bargain.

But if you've never risked all you have for life or love—risked, even though you knew the Cross lay straight ahead—you have not lived.



### *Correspondence*

A prominent business man conceived the idea of a new and universal religion. In quest of assistance he wrote to a prominent Monsignor of Denver as follows:

"Dear Father: For your information I am writing a book advocating a Universal Church and setting forth the history of Catholicism as I understand it.

"You will no doubt laugh when you hear that I am attempting to write a religious book and I realize my deficiencies. Hence, I am appealing to you to give me your opinion from your great store of knowledge as to what position your Church would take in establishing a Universal Church. Of course, this would be only your personal opinion.

"With highest personal regards and greatest respect, I am,

Very truly yours, . . . "

"P.S. I am writing to a number of eminent men of different denominations, throughout the country, for their opinion along the same line."

In answer to this letter, the Monsignor wrote as follows:

"My dear Mr. ....: You flatter me in thinking that I could assist you from my poor intelligence in your contemplated work.

"I can, however, give you one suggestion: You might have yourself crucified until death and on the third day after, rise from the dead. That should help.

Very truly yours, . . . "

# Terror in Vienna

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Hell accompanies Hitler

Condensed from *The Commonweal*\*

On the fateful Wednesday evening when Dr. Schuschnigg announced that Austria was to pass judgment on its government and its future, I happened to be touring the provinces with an Austrian journalist.

There were Nazi demonstrations in almost all towns, but nowhere excepting possibly in Styria did they serve any other purpose than to show that the strength of Hitler's support had been greatly exaggerated. Workers were flocking to the Schuschnigg colors, and it seemed quite possible that in two weeks the gulf between the Catholic party and labor would be healed. Later on I was to regret having gone on this reconnoitering trip, but the fact that I went at least enables me to declare without any hesitancy whatsoever that the situation was fully under the government's control, that the plebiscite was being organized with the utmost fairness, and that every sign pointed to a severe Nazi defeat. All stories and rumors to the contrary are fabrications.

We arrived in Graz late at night on March 11, utterly unaware that the government had yielded to Hitler's ultimatum. There we ran

headlong into a delirious Nazi demonstration. The car was surrounded by a crowd of schoolboys carrying any number of assorted weapons. "Jews! Jews!" resounded on all sides, and it was only by dint of displaying a measure of good feeling which I did not possess that we were able to extricate ourselves and leave for Vienna. Almost every mile of the trip was interrupted with shouts. Boys armed with rifles and bayonets leaped from the roadside and insisted upon inspecting our passports and our political opinions.

At last we reached Vienna at five in the morning. Most of the city was asleep; but there was little time for slumber. An hour later German bombers began to "demonstrate" over the city. They swooped down so close to the housetops that every other sound was drowned out. Round about, groups of high school boys began to mount guard. Directly across the street from us two urchins in knee pants stood with rifles and bayonets looking for all the world like boy scouts run amuck. The vanguard of the German army, seated in trucks and armed to the teeth, began to roar through the streets. Terrorization

\*386 Fourth Ave., New York City. Apr. 15, 1938.

was in progress — the method adopted for enforcing submission by creating what can be defined as absolute insecurity.

In order to understand what this means one must remember that probably less than a third of Vienna's population can qualify as German according to Nazi principles. For all these people the borders had been hermetically sealed the night before. The coup had come so suddenly that Austria was a huge trap. By eight in the morning every resident American in the city had a swarm of visitors asking the impossible. They begged for aid in cajoling passports out of the embassy or in being smuggled out of the country. I have never seen so much despair and frenzy in all my life. Meanwhile more and more thousands of Germans were brought in Vienna. Police, black shirts and brown shirts, soldiers and officials—all these were impressive, but most striking of all were the masses of organized school children brought down by train and truck to demonstrate when Hitler arrived. Soon the otherwise quiet and dignified city became a veritable bedlam. All day and all night the roar continued, rendering sleep an incredible luxury.

The pogrom followed. Jewish shops were plundered and smashed. Houses were entered and ran-

sacked. Individuals were pursued on the streets. Property was confiscated without a moment's warning. Whole streets looked as if a tornado had passed along. But far worse than all this was the horrible despair which unnerved hundreds of thousands—a despair so omnipresent that suicide was a normal recourse. People stabbed or shot themselves to death on the very streets. Cruelty surrounded us, massed, exultant and victorious. I know now what Calvary means.

Catholics, too, felt the brunt of the attack. It must be conceded that the Church in Austria bore a thousand visible signs of degeneration. Generations of living out of the hand of the State had engendered a laxity and a softness hard to understand if one hails from a country where the Faith has been defended. But since 1933 regeneration had made progress. A group of vigorous young priests and laymen had put their shoulders to the wheel, and things were slowly moving in the right direction. Today a religious restoration is at an end in so far as the corporate life of society is concerned. Many of them are in prison. Others managed by a hairbreadth to escape the country. The careers of thousands are wrecked. The Church must now learn anew out of the school of darkness.



Nevertheless, when Hitler entered the city, the bells of St. Stephen's Cathedral rang out in welcome. I do not wish to judge harshly, but I doubt whether in all history there is a more shameless incident. It was for many of my acquaintances who sensed the full moral ignominy of what was happening round about, just as if Christ had really made a pact with Satan in the hour of temptation. Nevertheless this incident is offset in my memory by the unforgettable heroism of many, priests and people, who risked all rather than betray the Faith in which charity takes precedence over everything.

Then there is the world of beauty and gentleness, or urbanity and artistic excellence, which has looked upon Vienna as its home. Down upon it all the tides of barbarism descended with goosetep and primitive mummery. On Sunday morning I went as usual to the Hofkapelle to hear the boys sing high Mass. But when the priest ascended the altar there was no singing—the streets were so blocked with German Nazis that the choir had been unable to get through. There were tears in the eyes of almost everyone. I thought of what Grey had said in 1914, "The lights are going out all over Europe, and it will be a long time until they burn

again." This silence in the Hofkapelle, what was it other than a symbol of the gloom into which we have gone and are perchance going? Children's voices were not raised in song. Instead youngsters patrolled the streets with bayonets.

I was so shaken by this experience that for hours I walked about aimlessly, hardly noticing the shouting and the roaring and the click of steel. All this was merely external. What mattered was not what had come, but what had gone—the values of Christendom no longer earned but merely inherited, now to be struggled for tenaciously again through long generations with quiet heroism, self-sacrifice and martyrdom. These values must be rescued not only through the present difficult times but through the even more perilous days ahead. For there is nobody over here now who doubts that Europe is on the brink of irreparable disaster.

I can only appeal to the generous heart of America as best I can for immediate aid. I am not pleading for humanity in the abstract, but for dozens upon dozens of individuals whose only offense is that they are partly of Jewish blood—as Christ was of Jewish blood—or that they have loved the Church more than all else.

## Tre Ore

Ye did it unto Me

*And they bring Him into the place called Golgotha, which being interpreted is, the place of Calvary. and they gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh; and He took it not. . . . And it was the third hour, and they crucify two thieves, the one on His right hand, and the other on His left. . . . And when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole earth until the ninth hour.*

The judge was making little effort to keep his eyes open. There were no spectators to impress, for only the sheriff, two deputies, a grumbling bailiff, and the badly frightened little Negro were in the court.

"What does the prisoner wish to plead?" the judge half-yawned.

"Ah ain' done nothin' jedge. Ah jes' got offen de freight an' was walkin' fo' town w'en dese fellers pick me up. Ah ain't done nothin'."

Unimpressed, the judge turned toward the sheriff. "Are you sure he's the man?"

"He's a nigger, and he's little, an' he couldn't tell us what he were doin' aroun' here. I guess he's the one."

"Hell, what mo' evidence do you

Condensed from *The Fleur De Lis*\*

think we got to have, Jedge?"

The judge was too tired to make an issue of it. These hurriedly-called night arraignments made his job no better than a doctor's. "Oh, well, lock him up," he said; "we'll go into the case tomorrow. Hank," he called to the bailiff, "get Tom Powers and tell him we've got a case for him. Be down here in the morning. Court dismissed."

The preliminary hearing was over by ten o'clock. Powers had had another of his bad nights and he had been no more than perfunctory in his attendance. There was no evidence. But there was no acceptable defense.

Perhaps it was the crowd that had begun to gather outside the court that really tipped the balance of the impartial, blindfolded goddess. The judge was not one to take chances.

"We'll hold him for the regular trial," he said. "Better get a couple more deputies, Sheriff. That crowd looks a little ugly. Next case."

There was a nervous movement in the crowd, a movement of expectancy and apprehension and a nameless something else that may have been bloodlust of a mob.

Inside, the little Negro huddled

\*St. Louis University, St. Louis Mo. Mar., 1938.

as far into the corner as he could, nervous, trembling.

The sheriff slumped forward in his chair, toed the cuspidor, and pushed the battered felt hat back on his head.

"Looks like we might have a little trouble," he said, unnecessarily, to the tall deputy, who leaned upon the desk and absently moved the inkwell back and forth.

"Yep. State troopers might come though."

"Doubt it. They really ain't had time to get here. Shucks, crowds have got ugly on us before down here. Ain't nothin' to it."

"Yeah. But the jail was still up then. Seems like that old barn would go up jest when we might need it. That mob's lookin' for a lynchin' an' I don't know's how I want to get in their way if they decide to come in and take him." The deputy glanced into the corner, and the Negro tried to control his shaking but failed. "What's the matter, black boy? Scared?"

There was no answer.

"You should have knowed this was gonna happen afore you did it. Dumb niggers; never have no sense nohow." This last was to the room in general.

As if to punctuate and corroborate his remark, the crowd outside broke from its ominous silence into a gathering shriek. Then came the

splintering thud of a battering log against the door.

"Hell, they should uve asked me for him. I don't aim to get myself shot up for no nigger." The sheriff kicked at the cuspidor, got up. He went over to the window.

As he reached it, the window crashed; a brick came through the pane and caught him full on the forehead. The deputy, who had started after him, stopped short at the sight of the sheriff on the floor. He turned and walked slowly over to the chair.

"None o' my business," he muttered in half justification.

There was a moment of silence after the door gave way, then a screech of triumph.

The Negro fainted.

It must have been the burning sting of the rope across his shoulders that revived him—that or an occasional kick.

They were dragging him down the road, dragging him with a certain undertone of grim, determined silence marred only occasionally by some youngster's inspired and sing-songed taunt or half-swallowed remark from one of the men. It was a strange silence, strangely appropriate.

To the Negro it seemed now to make little difference. The gesture of a trial; the mounting fear of the day, when he could hear the mob

slowly gathering outside the office; the absolute terror of the few hours before, when he knew with a certainty that they would come in to get him—the memory of all these left him now. He was terrified, but it was terror that went beyond feeling or saying. He could remember, but it made no difference now.

The crowd came to the tree. Silently they threw the rope over one of its limbs, tied it in a practical knot. One of the men was moved to make a speech. His remarks were cut short by the scat-

tered, then the united cries of "Lynch 'im. Lynch 'im."

And they did.

There was again the sudden silence as the body jerked madly, the hands clawed for a moment at the bonds. Then the body stiffened.

Above that awful silence, softly—so softly that some did not hear them—came the words as of an echoing voice, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

. . . *And saying this, bowing His head, He gave up the ghost.*



### *How That Started*

In olden days the communicant received the Host not upon the tongue, as now, but in his hand, standing with his right hand supported by his left. Into this right hand the priest put the Host for the communicant himself to convey to his mouth. If the communicant were a woman, she covered her right hand with a linen cloth. As long ago as the 9th century this custom was discontinued, but not before it had given rise to the practice of taking Holy Water when entering the church. In those times the faithful did not bless themselves with the Holy Water. In fact, it was not Holy Water at all that was employed. It was ordinary water in a large font either outside the church or in the porch or vestibule. In this each communicant would wash his right hand before going into the church for Mass to show reverence for our Lord whom he would receive into his hand at Communion. These fonts were often inscribed with texts reminding the user that the more important thing was to be sure his soul was pure and as far as possible worthy of the great act in which he was about to take part. From this arose the custom of giving to this water a special blessing, thus making its use a sacramental, giving grace according to the dispositions of the user. A natural consequence of this was that the custom of using this water in some way should remain even after the need for washing had been removed by the abrogation of the custom of receiving the Host upon the hand. And so people continue to take the Holy Water and bless themselves with it.

*The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart (Apr. '38).*

# Making Art

By GRAHAM CAREY

Velvet coats and the sans-culottes

Condensed from the *Christian Social Art Quarterly*\*

**Man** is a maker of things. He cannot live, even as a savage, without making. He is a smith, a worker, an artist. "Man is born to labor as the bird is born to fly," said Pope Pius XI. "If man is essentially a tool-using animal, the tool is, from the beginning, that of the artist, no less than that of the laborer," says Christopher Dawson. In almost all societies previous to the Renaissance it was taken for granted that it was man's lot to work for the service of whatever God or gods he believed in, and for other men. In the Christian Middle Ages this traditional notion was baptized. Normal Christian men worked for the normal Christian reasons: the glory of God and the love of neighbor. By this work they earned their living. When their work was good, they enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing that it was so; but neither money, nor aesthetic thrill, nor reputation were the primary reasons for making things and making them well. Men made things *well* because that is the normal way for human beings to make them.

But this simple and eminently Christian arrangement was destroyed. The change began with dividing up workmen into two kinds,

those who made beautiful things and wore velvet coats, and those who made useful things and wore canvas ones. With the development of capitalism and the growth of mechanical production, the breach was widened further and further, until it characterized the world that we now know. Except in the true professions, where the traditional artistic spirit still persists, all production today is either for profit or thrill. Those who make things for a profit, make them in factories with the greatest possible use of labor-saving machinery, for that is the most profitable way to make them. The things they make are supposed to be useful things but, because they are made with an eye to profit rather than to quality, they are usually ugly things. They are usually most ugly when there has been an attempt to make them beautiful and, therefore, more saleable and profitable. Those who make things for thrill, either for the aesthetic thrill of the things themselves, or for the thrill of being considered a great artist, make them in studios, because that is the most thrilling way to make them. And these things are supposed to be beautiful things but they are usu-

\**Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind. Dec., 1937.*

ally quite useless. They are not generally supposed to have any use except the pleasure they can give by being beautiful.

But the beautiful and the useful are inextricably bound up with each other, and can no more be separated than can the faculties of the mind which deal with them. So the supposedly useful things, made in factories by men in canvas coats, are not beautiful and, therefore, are not really useful. And the supposedly beautiful things, made in studios by men in velvet coats, are not useful and, therefore, not really fully beautiful. We have a productive system that, taken merely from the point of view of the product, satisfies nobody.

The producer of the useful things, therefore, has to spend a lot of time and money trying to persuade people of the usefulness of his products, and the producer of the beautiful things has the same difficulty persuading people of the beauty of his. So we have high-pressure salesmen working for the factory owner, and art societies working for the studio owner. They both work very hard indeed to persuade the people of what in the pre-Renaissance world they could see for themselves: the

goodness of things they naturally wanted, and the beauty of things they naturally admired.

And so the best the maker of the "beautiful" object can usually hope for is to have his painting or his statue exhibited in a museum; for because it is useless, there is hardly any other place to put it; and, unless it is seen and admired, there will not be much thrill in it for him. And the best the maker of the "useful" object can hope for is to get the object used up as quickly as possible (without driving his customers to his rivals) so as to be able to sell him another in its place; for, otherwise, there will not be much profit in it for him. So we have factories surrounded by their slums on the one hand, and art museums, and departments of art, and libraries of art on the other. But it is hard to get the factory people (even when we advertise judiciously in streetcars) to take a very active interest in the things in the museums. What is thrilling to the velvet-coated man is not very thrilling to the canvas-coated man in his time off. The canvas-coated man will look elsewhere for his thrills, even though he has to pay more than he can afford for them.



The beautiful is useful also, its highest use lying in its power to lift man to worlds where he may see within, above, and beyond all that appears, the infinite wisdom and love of God.

Bishop Spalding.



# No Bigotry in Georgia

By JOHN D. TOOMEY

Nice work and how they did it

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

**About** 22 years ago, the summit of religious intolerance in Georgia was reached. It was considered to be by far the most anti-Catholic state in the Union. It was this condition of affairs that caused the passage of a state convent-inspection bill in 1916. And it was likewise this condition that brought about an organized Catholic resistance: the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia.

Confronted by intolerance on every side, the Laymen's Association was organized in Macon, Georgia, in 1916, in a State with a total Catholic population of less than 20,000 scattered throughout 60,000 square miles of territory (an area larger than all New England except Connecticut) where there is one Catholic among every 150 people. Eight years later, the editor of the National Catholic Welfare Conference Bulletin was able to assert that the Association had placed the Catholics of Georgia in a position where they are perhaps freer from attacks than in any other state in the Union.

The Catholic Laymen's Association has for its motto: "To bring about a friendlier feeling among Georgians irrespective of creed."

For this was it founded, and this it has accomplished in the 22 years of its existence. It thinks the root of all intolerance and bigotry is ignorance. And for this, it supplies the only remedy: information, but information seasoned with charity. It answers intolerance with no hate, no satire, no revenge, but with the kindest respect and courtesy. In this, it adheres to the words of Pius X, "Faith is not to be built upon the ruins of charity." The first principle of apologetics is to explain the doctrines and practices of the Church and never to attack anyone.

As indicated by its name, the Association is composed of lay people and conducted from the lay person's viewpoint. Both men and women are members and 1,200 of Georgia's 20,000 Catholics contribute an annual average of \$6 each to show their loyal membership in the organization. There is no fixed membership fee, but each contributes according to his means. There are no scheduled meetings except the general state convention which is held each year in a different city. The Association is organized for the most part along parish lines except in the larger cities where one local organization suffices for several par-

\**Union City, N. J. Apr., 1938.*

ishes. The parish units hold meetings of their own whenever an occasion, such as an election of local officers or some other local event demands it. The state officers are elected each year by the delegates at the general convention. This is the plan of the organization.

The most important function of the Association is its maintenance of a publicity bureau, located in Augusta. Richard Reid, Laetare Medalist of 1936, is director of this bureau and editor of the Association's newspaper, which supplies Catholic news and information to the people of four states, since Florida and the two Carolinas have no Catholic paper of their own. When an attack is made on the Church, marked copies of *The Bulletin* are sent to those concerned explaining our position. Every newspaper editor in Georgia receives a free copy of each issue of the *Bulletin*.

Besides the task of publishing a newspaper, the publicity department of the Laymen's Association has to do much letter-writing. Many of these letters are written in reply to those who answer the notices inserted in the secular papers stating what Catholics do not believe and offering to explain what they do believe. Numerous hostile correspondents of former days are now kindly disposed towards the Church because of this phase of the Asso-

ciation's activity in spreading truth.

Needless to say, many of the letters written to the Association contain questions arising from the most prejudiced sort of intolerance. One inquirer, specializing on questions about convents, was not convinced of his mistaken ideas until he made a long trip to visit a convent.

Every question, no matter how absurd it may sound to Catholic ears is answered with the utmost courtesy and kindness. But besides writing letters to these correspondents, the publicity bureau of the Laymen's Association writes letters of correction to editors of the Georgia secular press whenever a reference uncomplimentary to Catholics appears in one of those papers. The Association maintains a connection with a clipping bureau which sends into the office every reference to Catholics, whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, appearing in the papers of the state. Every kindly comment is acknowledged with a letter of appreciation and every misrepresentation is answered with a courteous letter of correction.

One Georgia editor was obstinate about changing his attitude towards Catholics. Uncomplimentary references to them continued to appear in his paper, despite the fact that each time one appeared, he received a letter of correction from the Laymen's Association. After this had

happened about 90 times, something complimentary appeared in his paper—whether through an oversight or not, we don't know. But the Laymen's Association wrote him a letter of appreciation and he was so overcome and pleased by it that no further references against Catholics were printed by him.

In 1916, when the Association was organized, these letters of correction averaged a 100 a week. Now, only one or two a month are needed, so free from anti-Catholicism has the Georgia press become.

The cost of the work now averages about \$12,000 a year. A third of this is met by the revenue obtained from the Association's newspaper in advertisements and subscriptions. The remaining \$8,000 comes from the members. Of course, at the start, the cost was much higher because of the greater amount of work to be done at the time. At least \$6,000 were spent in a successful effort to stop just one man's attacks on the Church. It's a good thing all were not so obdurate as he.

Attacks against Catholics have almost ceased to exist in the secular press of Georgia. The Ku Klux Klan has practically disbanded. Their former national headquarters in Atlanta was bought last year by the Catholic Bishop of Savannah-Atlanta for his Atlanta residence. It

is now being used as church and rectory while the new co-cathedral of the diocese is being erected next door.

Many conversions have been brought about by the activities of the Association. Figures show that there is an average of 200 converts a year for the state, in which the Catholic population is 20,000. One large representative Eastern diocese of a million Catholics averages only 1,000 converts annually. This gives Georgia an average of 10 times more converts annually than the Eastern diocese in proportion to the Catholic population. And the Laymen's Association is responsible in a good measure for this.

The election year of 1928 was a great test. Al Smith carried Georgia, which he naturally should have done, being a Democrat, but which many expected him not to do, since he was a Catholic. During the campaign, the Laymen's Association refrained from political activity. It fought against misrepresentation of the Church; but it took no sides.

But the greatest result is the "bringing about of a friendlier feeling among Georgians irrespective of creed." That this friendlier feeling exists is proved by the results just mentioned. That it exists is proved further by the good-fellowship existing in the daily contacts of Catholics and non-Catholics.

# Father of the Press

Richelieu's brain-truster

By FRANCIS DICKIE

Condensed from *The Catholic Boy*\*

**President** Roosevelt would be calling upon Renaudot to join his Brain Trust, if Renaudot were available today. He would probably be "Director of Organized Relief." And, in spite of the difference in the times, he would make a success of his work.

Born a Huguenot, he became a Catholic, was friend and adviser to Cardinal Richelieu and King Louis XIII of France.

Young Theophraste Renaudot was certainly one of the world's ugliest children. Terribly bony and thin, with enormous hands at the end of over-long arms, and his face marred by a nose of abnormally wide nostrils and an incredible flatness, he was an appalling youth.

Renaudot was fortunate in having a father who encouraged his son's studies. Theophraste was an indefatigable student. Often he worked at his books far into the night, finally falling asleep with the candle still burning beside him. At the age of 19, having exhausted the educational possibilities of his native town he went to Montpellier, where he graduated from medicine at the surprisingly early age of 20.

Instead of immediately starting practice, Theophraste journeyed in

Italy for some time, and then went on to Paris. The next two years were vivid ones in his always eventful life.

The religious wars had just ended. From all parts of France soldiers and adventurers had poured into the French capital. They descended upon the already filthy town, bringing their added vermin and disease. But it was a perfect world for a young doctor. Here Renaudot got his striking first-hand experience with the awful life of the poor of that period, and the knowledge which a few years later enabled him to write his epoch-making book, *A Treatise on the Poor*.

The hospital of St. Cosmo was open to youthful enthusiasm. Here he worked long hours, gaining daily experiences in surgery and general medical work.

When the Edict of Nantes ended the long religious wars, Renaudot returned to Poitou, his home town, and began to practice. He married at the age of 23.

On May 4, 1610, Henry IV was murdered. Following this a wave of poverty, famine and disease swept over France. It was a particularly good time for Renaudot's book to find readers. The volume came into

\*S-1300 Foshay Tower, Minneapolis, Minn. Mar., 1938.

the hands of Cardinal Richelieu, who was so greatly impressed with it he gave it to King Louis XIII to read. As a result of this, Renaudot received a royal summons to Paris. Though only entering his 25th year, Renaudot was given the gigantic task of organizing a public relief system.

One of Renaudot's ideas: if someone wants work, and someone wants to employ, someone wants to buy and someone to sell, both must be supplied with the address of the other with least expense and loss of time.

To work it out he opened what he called a "Bureau of Public Addresses" on the island of the city, not far from the present Bridge St. Michel in Paris, where his monument stands today. To those who could pay, a charge of three sous (about a half cent according to present exchange) was made. The poor received the service free.

His Bureau of Addresses was such a tremendous success in Paris that on March 16, 1628, he was authorized by the King to establish others throughout the whole of France.

Due to some requests that came to the Bureau, Renaudot learned there were many people with valuable objects who still required a little immediate cash. So, as a sideline, he opened a loan office. It

was strikingly different from anything of its kind, because it took only two per cent interest on the money loaned. Renaudot actually shouldered the burden himself for awhile. Later, the business was such a success and help to the people that the Government took it over; and today still operates it under the name of "Mont de Piete" or Credit Municipal.

For 15 years Renaudot's Bureau of Addresses developed and expanded, and from it was born the first newspaper, his greatest brain child, the first published sheet to carry news and advertising.

The night of May 29, 1631, is notable for it saw the issue of the first "Gazette," a paper which is still published today as "La Gazette de France" with a million circulation. Picture to yourself the press room: from different points on the wall are long cords on which hang drying the different pages of this first issue. As dawn broke on May 30, Renaudot walked to the Louvre to deliver the first three numbers to the King, Richelieu and Father Joseph.

The paper was of four sheets, in quarto. It contained "hot news" from Constantinople, Rome, Vienna, Prague, Leipzig, made up from letters, some many weeks old, but still news in that it was not generally known. Probably the most amaz-

ing item was: "The Shah of Persia is waging stern war on his subjects who use tobacco by suffocating numbers of them who smoke the weed." Oddly enough, this first Paris journal carried not a line of local news, nor the name of the editor. The first issue did not bear advertisements. They began, however, to come in quickly. Thus was started the first classified advertising.

Looking through this old file one is struck by the odd sense of how little we change during centuries. It serves to bring more fully to our comprehension the genius of Renaudot, for though printed sheets were issued in Germany previous to the time of Renaudot, and the "Pekin Gazette" claims 1,000 years of uninterrupted publication, neither this or any of the earlier sheets were newspapers in the true sense of the word. Credit in full goes to Renaudot as the founder of the first newspaper and of being the first advertising man.

The way he organized medical clinics was very simple. The people were divided into three classes: the rich, who were charged for all services, the moderately well-to-do, who could pay something, the very poor, who were treated gratis. To these clinics Renaudot devoted a great deal of time and personal at-

tention, and donated out of his own earnings as much as 2,000 pounds a year to aid the poor for many years. He was bitterly attacked during all his lifetime by the Faculty of Medicine, out of jealousy at his great success.

The death of Richelieu in 1642, and the death of Louis XIII shortly before, Renaudot's stout friends and supporters, marked the beginning of his own decline. The Queen was partial to certain men on the Faculty of Medicine. Through their instigation a most terrible financial blow was delivered to Renaudot; he was commanded in 1644 to return all goods he held in his loan establishment, and without receiving the money due him. At the same time he was removed from charge of the free clinics and members of the Faculty of Paris given control.

Repaid thus by ingratitude, old and alone, Renaudot retired to his apartment in the Louvre, which the Queen could not deny him because of his office of Historian to the King. Here he died October, 1663, at the age of 67.

Then, after the strange fashion of mortals, all the papers devoted much space to praising him. He was given an elaborate funeral, with 30 priests in attendance, and a tomb in St. German l'Auxerrois Church in Paris, which may still be seen.



# Christianity and Sex

By RICHARD C. CABOT, M.D.

Sex means six(th commandment)

Condensed from the book\*

Our problem is the problem of purity as a virtue. There is no virtue of any kind unless one feels temptation, no virtue in bravery where there is no tendency to run away, no virtue in truth unless one has a tendency to lie. When one thinks one possesses a virtue one must realize that a virtue means a victory over temptation, and never the absence of temptation. Chastity is more than innocence or ignorance, just as courage is more than insensitiveness to fear.

Neither does one mean by chastity anything which is implied in a life led under physical restraint. The murderer who tries to murder and whose pistol misses fire is physically restrained from doing what he intended to do, but so far as virtue is concerned he has as little as the one who succeeds. So anyone physically free from evil relations has not necessarily chastity or purity; and this is equally true, though less obvious, when one is restrained not by physical bonds but by fear of physical consequences.

Neither can we define chastity as the abstinence from certain acts, for if we did there could be no such phrase as "a chaste wife"; yet we must retain that phrase.

This, I believe, is the ultimate meaning of purity or chastity—that in the presence of temptation one is guided by the power of a consecrated affection, a higher love.

Christians should always think of chastity as guidance by a higher affection, and finally by the highest of all affections, the love of our Master. The most love-compelling personality, that which has the greatest power in holding us straight, is the personality of Christ.

Will the knowledge of facts produce purity?

Well, I have been dealing for 40 years with medical students; as a teacher and practitioner of medicine I have had to do with some thousands of them, and have been pretty intimate with a good many hundreds. Medical students, by reason of their studies, have to know the facts of anatomy, physiology and disease on which many of the teachings of what is called sex hygiene appear to depend. These students know the facts; but I have never found that their knowledge made them any more chaste than other people, or any less so—rather it left them just about the average of men. Now, if the full knowledge of facts could hold people straight and

\*The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City. 1938. 78 pp. \$1.00.

make them behave themselves, medical students ought to be an ideal body of men. But they are not. We have, therefore, a sufficient answer to any who believe that knowledge of facts and the resulting fear of disease and shame are powerful motives for good behavior in this field.

All over the country there is already too much tendency to believe that to be found out is the great sin. I think Christians have a special duty to insist on the religious view of this matter expressed in those wonderful words, "Against Thee only have I sinned," which state well the correct view: that immorality is not primarily a matter of social disorder, nor a matter of personal misfortune but is a rupture of the relation between the soul and God, and ultimately nothing else.

I object very much, therefore, to the use of the term "hygiene" in this connection. The hygienist teaches you how to avoid consequences. Hygiene is like going out with an umbrella to avoid getting wet. That is the spirit of hygiene—to tell us what we can do to avoid certain consequences of ill health. Suppose you said to a boy, "Do not steal because you may be put in prison, and prisons are unhygienic!" This is absurd of course, but on the whole no more absurd than the sort

of teaching we are getting, I regret to say, very largely from my profession, in this particular matter.

If then we cannot depend upon such warnings, we naturally turn to education as the great way out of the problem of impurity. "Sex-education" is in vogue today because of the failure of repressive measures. People have come to feel that if we only stated all the facts clearly (which is what the majority mean by education) we should conquer.

In a larger sense I heartily believe that education is the way out of unchastity, education in the sense that all Christianity is education. So if anyone asks if education is the way out, I would say yes and no; yes, if one takes it in the Christian sense; no, if one thinks of education as merely the conveying of information.

I think the special value of mere information in this field is to counteract misinformation, and that seems a perfectly definite though a very small part of our problem. Everyone knows that a great mass of misinformation floats about the community, especially among younger people of both sexes, on matters concerning chastity; for instance, that it is unhealthy to lead a strictly continent life. Although there is no scientific backing for that fallacy, there are people who

sincerely believe that a continent life is prejudicial to health. Hence it is our duty to combat this fallacy. It hardly seems as if it ought to need denial. How anyone can look at the training of athletes, in which the rules require always a straight life in this respect, and still hold to the old superstition about the unhealthiness of continence, I cannot understand. But there are such people, and therefore the truth should be stated.

Then there is the question of frankness and its relation to modesty. Many say that the virtue of modesty is an outgrown affair, and that we today, in accordance with the revelations of science, have no use for it. As a result of this idea much is said under the name of "frankness" that does not deserve praise.

It is said, "To the pure all things are pure;" it is also said that nothing is unclean or improper in itself, and there is no reason why we should not deal with anything in any company. The answer to that seems to be contained in the nature of our minds and in the relationship of our minds to our bodies. It is a general law of mental action that if our minds interfere in a province where they do not belong, we get into trouble. Here is a very simple example. Most of us are unaware, fortunately, of the condition of the

inside of our own mouths. We do not often get our minds fixed on this unimportant matter. *But it is very easy to get our consciousness dislocated* so that we are in trouble. If anyone begins to consider the condition of the inside of his own mouth he will find that he has too much saliva. Before his attention was fixed on it there was no such condition, now it is quite distressing. This is an illustration of the relation between mind and body and of the hair balance existing between mind and body, and of the hair balance existing between normal and abnormal consciousness. We can say, "To the pure all things are pure—why then should not the human being think about the inside of his own mouth?" Well, I have shown why.

These reflections suggest a deeper thought, namely, that we are not a perfectly regulated mechanism which will run by itself forever in a natural way, but that we are on the edge of disaster all the time. Explosions of one kind or another are always likely to take place and we must know enough to avoid them. I think, myself, that this is connected with what Christians call "original sin": that there is a flaw in us so deep that we are going to get into trouble, unless *through modesty, through self-control, through higher enthusiasms, we get*

*away from the environment that tends to explosion.* These explosions are more dangerous and more common in men, and it is essential that we should realize that one great difficulty in the field of affection, often miscalled sex, is in this tendency to explosiveness which is greater on the part of the male than the female. Everybody knows that one should keep a certain distance away from an explosion, and this habit of keeping at a distance from temptation is one of the things that anybody, who is helping himself or anybody else to keep safe, has to understand. My own particular type of explosion is a library. I always find that to go into a library results in disaster. I go in with half an hour to spend and I spend five. That is obviously ridiculous, but it is also really a serious matter. I will venture to say there are few of us to whom there is not something that stands in the same relation to life that a library does to me. That is parallel to the reason for modesty. One must keep one's distance from certain topics, because of the explosive effect of all that comes out of the relation of flesh and spirit, a relation which seems to me part of "original sin," whereby we are not to be trusted in some respects.

Another error which we should be prepared to fight is the fallacy about what is called sexual need as

compared with our human need of food. In the first place this is medically false. There is no such need, comparable to the need of food. Further than that, the phrase seems blasphemous, because it implies that all the continent people, all the unmarried, are blighted in their lives because they are not allowed to get what they are supposed to need. It seems to me the *Christian law is that human beings are made to be perpetually unsatisfied and ought to be so.* All affection has, and ought to have in it this perpetual hunger, this unsatisfied element. This is just as true of those happily married as of anyone else. St. Augustine meant this when he said, "Thou madest us for Thyself, and our soul is restless until it shall repose in Thee." We have a longing for God that is never satisfied on earth, and all forms of affection, both mental and physical, are sacred or can be made so because they are the unsatisfied attempt at the expression of our eternal longing for God. We know, if we are familiar with young people, how love and religion both spring up at the adolescent period because love and religion represent the same fundamental hunger and impulse. Both, we know, are apt to be over-emotional. In a happy marriage, their love and their sacrifice is a revelation of what God is and should be, and yet in the

best marriages there is always and ought always to be, this hungry element.

Closely akin to this is the parallel error of supposing that marriage is the only normal state for a human being. Marriage has been the greatest happiness in my life, yet I am clear that the Lord did not mean everybody to be married, and that the satisfaction of the hunger of the human soul is still far off for the married as for the unmarried. No one who thinks of Joan of Arc can think that marriage is the only perfection for human life! People are looking for the center of the universe, and they may find it in marriage or they may not. People sometimes marry themselves to their work or to their country's service, and find as great satisfaction there, as much of God, as others do in marriage.

The fundamental longing, then, in the human being, body and mind, is the longing for God. Sex, so-called, is one aspect of that longing, patriotism is another, and the reaching out after science and truth and beauty are others, but none of these is any more fundamental than the others.

Chastity is really the consecration of affection. I recall the beautiful phrase "Deep calleth unto deep," as the essential characteristic of the consecrated relation of two human

beings, the best of one human being leaping out to meet the other, the best of body as well as soul, the best of incarnate spirit.

This affection is strengthened by the touch of the elemental. When differences are wiped away, and people stand in line for their bread at the supply depot, they feel their human oneness and for the time are conscious of a real human brotherhood. That exemplifies the reinforcement of a rather feeble sense of brotherhood among people like ourselves, by the elemental. Feeble bits of affection in us can be strengthened and consecrated by the touch of elemental nature which does make people kin.

Affection is further consecrated and reinforced by touch with beauty. Any one of us who cares for music must have noticed how, in coming out from some concert that he has cared for, he feels much closer to his friends, how all his affections for those he sees and joins with are quickened by the impetus of that music. The beauty of any art reinforces personal affections. Many a husband and wife who have gone to the theater together, with their affections jaded and dull, have come home loving each other better because of the impetus of art. One of the greatest values in the right kind of theatrical art is its power to reinforce our human affections.

In a nation of working people like ours I do not need to write much about the consecrating value of *work* in its relation to affection. Any of us who have worked together do not need to be reminded of what common work can do in binding us not only to those we work for but to those we work with.

I do not need to write more than a paragraph about the effect of common worship on human affections. I think I do need, however, to say that in proportion as elemental life, beauty, patriotism or religion, calls out a great force in us, it rouses also a great peril. There is not one of these forces in which I am not aware of great dangers—explosions, as I have earlier called them—and I would not except one, not even common worship. The greatest things have the greatest dangers.

Human love must not exclude divine love. Call to mind that saying of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these ye did it unto *Me*." Of course, as Christians we all believe that. But we do not all put the same interpretation on it. I think it involves a structure of intercommunication of human beings with each other and with Christ. Inasmuch, or just as much, as we exert love towards any human being we exert it towards Christ, and as much as we exert it towards

Christ we exert it towards all human beings. I think we sometimes fail by not taking the Scriptures literally enough and sometimes by taking them too literally. Here I think we cannot be too literal. If I strike this table beside me with my hand, the force of the blow is transferred to all the universe, because the vibration goes through the structure of the table, through the door of the house and the roof and on through all the universe, by physical law. Inasmuch as you exert the force of love upon any human being, because of a similar law of continuity, because of the connection of every human being with every other and with the infinite, you exert it unto Christ. That seems to me a liberal fact, not an ideal, but a fact that we can verify as we verify the facts of physics.

Human beings are made unique. There are no two faces alike, no two finger-prints alike, no two hand-writings alike; yet we forget this and do not live up to it in our spiritual relations. We do not treat each other always as unique, though our faces and finger-prints prove that we are. That fact is forgotten in the sin of impersonality which enters into affection and degrades it. The recognition of the uniqueness of personality consecrates affection.



The greatest love is the love which has in it the choice of one and only one in the universe. The baser types of love are base because of their lack of choice, of their impersonality, and not because they are "merely physical." Some of us have seen a baby two or three years old, in the slums of the city, working his way through the crowd and fending off the legs of the grown-ups as though they were posts. Sober impersonality is laughable in a baby, but not in a grown-up. We can rightly treat people as posts, bump against them and ward them off only in babyhood. But some of us have never grown up and still go on treating people like posts and bumping against them impersonally.

The baser forms of love, then, and the other forms of religion—any form except the Christian—tend to be impersonal. The peculiarity of Christianity lies in its reverence for personality. And the most awful thing in the most desecrated human affection—though I still insist that it shall be called human and shall be called affection—the most awful thing in prostitution is its impersonality. That there is no distinction—that is the terrible and obvious fact. Yet we are moved to be charitable even in thinking of that, when we notice that in the human contacts of every one of us there is *some* impersonality. We do not

always recognize the unique human soul before us; we do sometimes behave like stuffed figures and treat others as the same. When the conductor takes your ticket in the train do you always think of him as a unique human being with a family at home? Every one of us is stained with the sin of impersonality in some part of his life, and so we can be charitable with those others who are stained with the same sin, in the baser kind of love.

The chief practical difference between the Christian ideal and that of the other great world religions that have come out of the Orient is this: Christianity is concerned not only with what happens to us after death but with the success of our lives on earth. Christianity takes this world seriously, and not merely as a preparation for another world. More than other religions Christianity has tried to put its heaven into the secular life of men, in politics, in science, and in the relations of men, women, and children. It has encouraged monastic life for certain men and women; never for all.

When Christ said, "I am come that ye might have life and have it abundantly," we may be sure that He desired the fulfillment and not the destruction of our human nature. Fulfillment requires pruning and restriction, but only for the

sake of fuller growth. The "hunger and thirst after righteousness" which He made a glowing fact for us describes a growth that includes all the familiar virtues and many others.

Courage, honesty, chastity, perseverance, imagination, are good because they help us to grow. Whatever helps growth ("the life abundant") is good. Whatever obstructs it is bad. And because we are quite literally "members one of another," each needs and furthers the other's growth.

Any behavior that does not forward the growth of those concerned starts decay that no one wants. Christians believe in marriage because they are convinced that it is more apt to develop their lives than any other relation between the sexes. They disbelieve in sex relations before marriage or outside marriage because experience seems to show that these relations pull down lives instead of building them up.

They believe that divorce is far too common in the United States because they know that most divorces happen not for the causes given in court but because one of the parties decides to marry someone else. This situation arises because one or both of the married couple has violated previous (usually tacit) agreement not to let themselves fall in love with someone else.

Willingness and not chance governs this kind of dishonesty. The person who keeps all the doors of his mind open for counter-attractions will be drawn away from the sort of devotion to his mate out of which successful marriage can be built. There is a time for the open mind. Growth demands both, each at the proper time.

The same test—growth-prospect *vs.* stagnation which is rotting—separates good from bad in the other problems of sex. Petting, self-abuse, and homosexuality are sterile, not fertile. They are waste instead of construction. They slow us up when we need to go on. Every act has roots and branches. It concerns other people. It touches our own past and our own future. It starts a habit or at least a tendency. It is true and immensely fortunate that single acts cannot make or destroy a character once for all. We have in us an endless capacity to right ourselves even after we've been thrown on our beam ends. But no sensible person lurches to his beam ends intentionally or takes a false step on purpose.

Do we always know beforehand what step is going to be false? In science and in matters of skill we do not. In morals we do; but in morals we have wonderful capacity to fool ourselves into behaving as if we did not know our right path

when in fact we do. Intellectual decisions may be too hard for us. Moral decisions are always clear until we throw dust in our own eyes because we do not wish to see clearly. Keep at this practice long enough and our moral eyesight may be permanently injured, but we have only ourselves to thank.

Perhaps sometime we may find a relation of the sexes that promotes growth more than marriage does. But that relation will not be polygamy nor promiscuity nor in-

fidelity nor homosexuality nor a divorce rate such as now prevails in the U. S. Those ways have been thoroughly tested and found rotten.

But if one asks what gain we have made in sexual morality or in the rational management of ourselves so as to live more abundantly, I think we must recognize that that is not the strong point of our progress. The standards set by Jesus Christ are still the best we have, and we are not appreciably nearer to obeying them.



To label the sex organs as "bad" is liable to create for life a false idea of the human body. As a matter of fact, no part of the human body is "bad." The whole body is the marvelous handiwork of God. God has assigned to every member of the body a specific function. Hence it is our duty to use every member of our body in accordance with God's holy will. As long as we use our body in accordance with God's holy will there is no sin.

Felix M. Kirsch, O. M. Cap. in the *Journal of Religious Instruction* (April, '37).



In the world of nature disobedience to the determined order is ever followed by a natural penalty. As man has a double nature, the penalty for his violation of preordained law is a double one—natural, and likewise supernatural or moral. Since our profession brings us physicians constantly into touch with human beings individually and in their relations with one another, we are intimately familiar with problems involving human conflicts with the natural order, and thus also with the moral order. And possibly better than any other class we know from personal experience the inevitable consequences of disobedience to natural laws, consequences which seriously affect both individuals and society.

Dr. Frederick W. Rice in *Corpus Christi Chronicle* (April, '38).

How is the Church democratic?

"Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth," is a perfect formula for the ideal democracy. But today people have wearied of the travesties that usurped the place of the ideal, and in weariness of spirit have fallen back upon the tyrannies of State Socialism—call it Russian Communism or German or Italian Fascism as you will.

When the democratic ideal was more popular than it is today, it was fashionable enough to talk of the Catholic Church as the greatest democracy in the world. Today men are apt to point rather to the principle of authority in the Church—and yet I believe the former statement still remains true. Certainly no Catholic can forget the fact that the Church is governed in the name of God and by His authority.

Yet it is also true that the Church is democratic in a threefold sense. The very basis of her teaching on man's nature is deeply democratic: all men have souls and hence an inalienable spiritual equality. Again, she is democratic in the fact that the membership of her highest offices is open to every Catholic. The Pope may as well have been a shoemaker or a farmer's son as the

## A Kingly People

By MAISIE WARD

Condensed from *The Franciscan*\*

child of a royal duke—thus Pope Pius I was a slave, and Sixtus V a swineherd. And, like that of the democratic idealists of the last century, Catholic democracy is here based on the principle of education. To the aristocrat who spoke of "the common people" as incapable of ruling, the democrat answered, "Let them but be educated and they prove capable." So too the Church. Her education is for all who want it. There is no secret knowledge in Catholicism kept for a certain caste or class, and here we have a deep principle of democracy.

But there is another sense, intensely important for the world of today, in which the Church is democratic, and more so than she has been for some centuries.

Modern governments, Lippmann points out in his *Good Society*, are organizing their states for war, the freedom of the subject grows less and less, personal initiative has almost disappeared. The modern citizen expects the state to do for him most of the things he used to do for himself: look after his health, educate his children, find him a job and take care of him when he has none. In return for this paternal care, he is willing to yield up his

\*508 Marshall St., Paterson, N. J. Apr. 1, 1938.

liberty with surprising generosity.

Almost the only people who protest against this and ask to keep their liberty are Catholics. They have kept the ideal of personal initiative that is so fundamental to the democratic ideal, and the Church urges them to keep it.

Moreover the long siege begun by the Reformation is lifted, in the sense that the armies embattled against her are in disarray and have left her intellectually triumphant. Hence the return to a normal Catholic life has become possible. We are no longer merely soldiers on the defensive: we are citizens of no mean city who can exercise an ordered freedom and have opportunity for personal initiative.

The most successful of the Catholic activities of today are then deeply democratic in the truest sense of that much maligned word. They are "of the people, by the people, for the people," in a sense that is best seen by some comparisons.

In the last century there were various Catholic movements to evangelize the dwellers in city slums or the Church's lost sheep in the countryside. But they were all efforts made by the clergy assisted perhaps by nuns or by a handful of educated laity. The people themselves were missionized—they were not missionary. But Catholic movements of today are based on the

idea that every Catholic should be a missionary of his own *milieu*, in his own world. No need that a university professor should cross the border, as it were, and look for converts in a factory; let him convert his fellow-professors and let the Catholic in the factory convert his fellow-workers. Thus a group of the *Jeunesse Ouvriere Chretienne* agreed lately to try to teach their fellow-workers the meaning of Good Friday. One related afterward how, when the clock struck three, he put aside his tools and knelt down. Assailed with questions as he got up, he told them that Christ was "*un type Ouvrier*" who had died for his fellow-workers 2,000 years ago. Where no priest could have entered, a workman taught his fellow-workers.

So too the *Jeunesse Agricole Chretienne* apply Catholicism among their fellow-workers in the fields, and the *Jeunesse Etudiante Chretienne* apply the same principle in schools and colleges.

Asked what was the priest's place in these movements, the priest who himself started the J.O.C. replied, "He is everything and he is nothing. Everything in inspiring and supporting the lay apostles by his teaching and by the sacraments. Nothing in that, having inspired them, he leaves them to initiate, organize and accomplish."

A movement in many ways wholly different from these French youth movements is the *Catholic Evidence Guild*, or street speakers. Here, too, the note is struck, new to our generation yet in fact as old as the Church, of democratic action. Street speaking is not a new idea. Even in the last century there are several small groups recorded as doing it both in England and America. But always they were small groups because they consisted only of priests or a few highly educated laymen. What distinguished the C.E.G. from these, and has made its rapid expansion possible, is the discovery of a technique in training which has enabled it to include all: the man with no more than a parochial school education, women as well as men, the young as well as the middle-aged and even the old. It is as Catholic as the Church herself, and those who listen at our meetings see in us just ordinary men and women whose daily lives match their own and who have something in those lives which we want to share with the less fortunate.

We have come a long way from the days when Monsignor Talbot could write to Cardinal Manning, "What is the business of the laity? To hunt, to shoot, to entertain." He went on, however, to make an ex-

ception of William George Ward to whom he permitted any license in theological activities! This apparently unfair favoritism was, however, based on one sound reason: my grandfather had given years to the study of philosophy and theology. The mistake was to think that such a study was only for occasional extraordinary laymen. Today this mistake is less widely made.

The manuals of the J.O.C. and J.A.C., the *Evidence Guild Training Outlines*, the articles in the *Catholic Worker*, another magnificent movement, all stress one thought: Catholic Action is only fruitful where it grows from prayerful study of the Church's teaching.

The danger in all efforts at a more widespread democracy is always a leveling down instead of leveling up. But in the Church the democratic principle is so perfectly balanced by the principle of authority that such a danger is removed wherever theology is understood. Who will reverence his bishop better than one who has learnt something of what is meant by the full outpouring of the Holy Spirit, or who obey the Pope better than those who have seen from their studies how God has kept the rock of Peter standing when the kingdoms of this world fall?



# A Horse at the Altar

By WILLIAM J. LALLOU

Racing with benefit of clergy

Condensed from Emmanuel\*

Twice during the summer, July 2nd and August 16th, thousands journey to the hilltown of Siena, in Tuscany, to witness the curious race, known as the Palio. The city is divided into 17 *contrade*, or wards, each bearing the name of some animal, or at least of some object associated with a living being of the animal kingdom. So we have *Aquila*, the Eagle; *Lupa*, Wolf, and *Istrice*, Porcupine. Each *Contrada* enters a horse in the race and ten of the steeds are selected to run. The race course is the city Piazza. Jockeys ride bareback and the race is preceded by a picturesque parade, all members of the *corteo* wearing medieval costumes, for the race is a survival of the days when Siena rivaled Rome and Florence as the ranking city of Italy.

A survival from the days of faith, one naturally looks for religious concomitants of even so profane an event as a horse race; and one has not far to look. The chief religious observance is that of blessing the horse and jockey before the company representing each *contrada* leaves for the parade. This ceremony takes place in the church of the district to which the company belongs. Naturally, there are 17

such churches, 10 of which are concerned each time the race is run, as there is a blessing for each of the 10 horses and each of the 10 jockeys who are to contest. We saw the ceremony in the little church of San Rocco, which is that of the *contrada* of the *Lupa*. *Lupa* had been the successful contestant in the Palio July 2nd, so hanging near the altar was the first trophy.

The church was crowded when in through the side door came the prancing steed, led by his jockey, and across the church they went to a side altar. The jockey knelt on a prie-dieu holding his horse by the bridle. A priest in surplice and stole came before them and read the blessing. The form of benediction may be found in any complete edition of the Roman Ritual, in the Appendix, No. 65, under the title, *Benedictio Equorum Aliorumve Animalium*. There is the usual introductory "*Adjutorium nostrum*, etc." and "*Dominus Vobiscum*." Then three orations. The first is the familiar "*Deus, refugium nostrum et virtus*." The second, peculiar to this blessing, prays that by the intercession of St. Anthony, not St. Anthony of Padua but the one of the desert, who was proved by many

\*184 E. 76th St., New York City. Apr., 1938.

temptations, we may be delivered from the dangers of this life. The third prayer again invokes the intercession of St. Anthony that the divine blessing may descend upon the animal present that it may be of sound body and protected from all evil. Horse and jockey are then sprinkled with holy water.

The crowd was enthusiastic but reverent and orderly during the recitation of the prayers. The jockey knelt with head bowed and the spirited horse stood patiently, wincing slightly when the holy water touched him. It was only when the crowd broke suddenly into the cry of the *contrada*, "*Lu-Lu-Lupe*," that the horse began to cut capers and he was led with some difficulty to the street. Then the procession formed and marched first to the Archbishop's palace where an exhibition of flag-waving was staged for His Excellency and his guests.

Finally, all the companies from the 10 *contrade* repaired to the Piazza for the grand procession and then the 10 horses and jockeys alone participated in the race. *Lupa*, was not winner; *Civetta*, the Screech Owl won. It was a thrilling contest, in which three riders were thrown and a riderless horse finished third. The banner was carried off in triumph and hung in the church of San Christoforo, that of the *Civetta*.

A prancing steed led into a church may seem incongruous, but it is an interesting vestige of the days of faith when religious observance entered into every department of human activity, both work and play, and nothing was begun without a prayer. It all seems a fulfillment of St. Paul's injunction concerning even the more trivial things of everyday life, "Whether you eat or drink or whatsoever else you do, do all to the glory of God."



### *Retort Courteous*

Bishop Galen was preaching in his Münster Cathedral about the necessity of the Church taking part in the education of the young. A uniformed Nazi in the Church rose and shouted an objection.

"What do you know of the young, you who have no wife and children?"

The bishop calmly replied:

"I will not stand for derogatory remarks about Fuehrer Hitler in this house."

The Liguorian (April '38).

# The Vision of God

By ERNEST GRAF, O.S.B.

What ear hath not heard

Condensed from *The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*

**Like** the ocean, the heart of man has its moods. We long for peace, stability, happiness. Yet the experience of every successive generation of mortals has been the same: do what you like, strive with all your might, you will never achieve perfect happiness.

The desire for happiness is found in every human breast; it enters into the very composition of our nature. Hence it owes its origin to the very author of our being. Now it is quite incompatible with the wisdom and the goodness of God that He should implant in man's heart desires and aspirations doomed to be forever thwarted. There is never anything futile in the work of a wise man, says St. Thomas; how much less, then, in the work of Infinite Wisdom! Happiness is a state of perfect contentment, a condition when desire is stilled because enjoyment is so complete and satisfying as to leave no room for further longings or possibilities of enjoyment. To be perfect, happiness must be the satisfaction of the spiritual faculties of the mind and the will. Hence earthly, sensible and sensual pleasures can not give happiness precisely because they gratify only that part of our nature which is of the

earth.

Neither any one of the good things of this world, nor all of them together, can satisfy to the full the cravings of our soul. The reason is precisely that the human soul is so much greater than the whole vast universe. Here is the real cause of our discontent. Ultimately the object of our hunger and thirst is God Himself. This is not to say that most men are at all conscious of any hunger for God. Many men never give Him a thought; some profess not to believe in His very existence. But all hunger for happiness, and we know by reason and far more clearly by faith that true happiness is to be found in God alone, for He alone fulfills all the conditions required for perfect contentment. "Thou hast made us for Thee, O God," says St. Augustine, "and our heart is restless until it rests in Thee!" Now God is indeed infinite and substantial Beauty and Goodness, but He is also an infinite and pure Spirit. Hence with our spiritual faculties alone can we have contact with Him. Perfect bliss consists in perfect knowledge and love of God.

In this world and in our present condition, perfect happiness is im-

possible because our knowledge of God is necessarily exceedingly inadequate. Where God is concerned, even the keenest intellect can hardly get much further than guess-work; for, apart from direct supernatural revelation, we are reduced to the study and contemplation of creation, if we would form some idea of the perfections of the Creator—on the principle that there is something of the artist in the work of the artist's hands. However, just as a picture by some famous artist does not convey a really exhaustive knowledge of the personality of the man, so do none of the works of God even remotely express what He is in Himself.

Even such souls as are thoroughly steeped in the spirit of faith, and whose sense of the divine nearness is so keen that it almost seems to amount to immediate perception, are far from being at rest. Faith, hope, charity do indeed link us very closely to God; not, however, consciously or in a way of which we can have direct experience. So, while we are in this world, we may indeed hunger and thirst; but satisfied we can never be. All we can do is to wait for the day of revelation, while making it our delight to do the will of God, for, in a wonderful phrase of Dante, "in His Will is our peace."

The twilight of faith, the bitter-

sweet of expectation, the love of Supreme Beauty, though for the time being utterly hidden, are comfort enough to sustain us on the road toward the blissful goal; all the more so because we have Our Lord's solemn promise that faith and longing will not be thwarted.

*"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall have their fill. Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."*

"The Beatific Vision," then, is the vision, the sight, that renders those blessed to whom it is granted! This is what is promised us at the end, without end, as St. Augustine puts it. Now obviously, though we use the word "vision," we must exclude all thought of bodily sight for a spirit can not be seen by the eye of flesh. The expression has been chosen because, of all our bodily faculties, the sense of sight is noblest, most accurate, and most perfect; so much so we commonly say we "see" a thing, when we wish to say we know and fully understand it.

As a matter of fact, a few moments consideration of the process of bodily vision will help us greatly toward a better understanding of what is meant by the Beatific Vision. When we see an object outside ourselves—say, a tree—that material thing impresses itself upon the eye, and from the eye the impression

passes into the mind itself. Trees and flowers could never penetrate into consciousness as they are in themselves, but they are able to do so by means of these subtle images or reproductions of themselves, first upon the eye, then in the imagination. We do not see the image of the trees or the flowers; on the contrary, we behold them as they exist in nature.

The Beatific Vision is a most wonderful act of our intelligence, supernaturally reinforced by a special illumination called "the light of glory," by which we know God as He is in Himself. By this means we experience immediately and enjoy His infinite beauty and goodness. But there is a tremendous difference between our ordinary vision and the "Blissful Vision." In the latter God does not come into our mind by some image, for any image of Him would not be God Himself. Now it is God we want to see and enjoy. So the divine essence in its luminous, blissful presence, and by means of the magnificent illumination of our intellect by the "light of glory," enables us to see and know God. Nor is it mere knowledge of the mind alone that is promised us. God is also Infinite Good and Infinite Beauty, so He is the natural object of the will. The will of the blessed in heaven will experience forever the

bliss that constitutes God's own blessedness. Thus the Beatific Vision is best described when we call it a life—"eternal life." But life is action. In that new world, our faculties, reinforced a thousandfold by the light of glory, will act at their intensest when infinite Beauty, Truth, and Good itself is presented to them.

Seeing God Himself, we shall in some measure, partake of His omniscience, since He is the archetype of all that it, was, or ever shall be, and even of all that might be, did He choose to summon it into actuality out of the shapeless realm of mere possibility. This does not mean we shall be actually omniscient; for, though we shall really behold God, the eternal Sun of Justice, we shall nevertheless not understand Him fully. Only an infinite mind can fully fathom an infinite nature or essence. But all that we may wish to know, we may behold in Him. Then will our heart be at rest.

It was the ideal of a pagan to enjoy this life to the full, then to die without regret, as a man who has eaten his fill would rise from table. Against such gross materialism human conscience protests vehemently. But it requires the full blaze of the light of revelation to make us see the true purpose of our creation. Eternal life is something so utterly

transcending anything we should ever have dared to dream of, that only God's pledged word enables us to cast out of our minds the doubt that "it is too good to be true." Our Lord assures us the purpose of His coming into our world was precisely to give us eternal life. And that life is lived in closest union with the Blessed Trinity.

We shall not be "absorbed" in God so as to lose our own individuality, nor shall we be so "transformed" into God as to cease to be ourselves, for that would not be gain, but loss to me, and I want to see God and to be happy with Him.

Yet we shall be one with Him.

What a magnificent destiny for mortals! Man, in a wonderful phrase of St. Augustine, may be a creature of the earth, but grace makes him worthy of heaven. These considerations may well conclude with the same St. Augustine's moving words with which he ends the greatest of all his works *The City of God*: "There (in heaven) we shall be at rest and behold; we shall behold and love; we shall love and praise. See what shall be in the end, without end. What other is our end but to arrive at a kingdom whereof there is no end?"



### *Self-Cheated*

The nature of man is thoroughly miserable without God. Some men are not conscious of the cause of their misery; this however does not prevent the fact of their being miserable. For the most part, they conceal the fact from themselves, by occupying their minds with society, sport, frivolity of all kinds; or, if intellectually disposed, with science, art, literature or business. This, however, is but to fill the starving belly with husks. I know from experience the intellectual distractions of scientific research, philosophical speculation, and artistic pleasures; but I am also well aware that, even when all are taken together and well sweetened to taste, the whole concoction is but confectionary to a starving man. He may cheat himself for a time—especially if he be a strong man—into the belief that he is nourishing himself by denying his natural appetite, but soon he finds he was made for some altogether different kind of food, even though of much less tastefulness as far as the palate is concerned.

G. J. Romanes quoted in *The Liguorian* (April, '38).



# Systems of Government

By OLIVEIRA SALAZAR

Dictator prepares for peace

Condensed from *The Rock*\*

**Fascism** and National Socialism, which differ from Communism by their spiritual demands, resemble it in their concept of the Totalitarian State. For both, the party is the State, to which are subordinated all the activities of citizens; the very men exist only for its greatness and glory. If the State possesses in itself its end and *raison d'être*, there can exist no exterior rule to limit its activity, nor any right whatsoever outside of itself. The rights which the State grants or defines are those which suit the success of its own ends.

Whoever observes National Socialism from a distance perceives that the *Nationalist* side of the movement stands out in much greater relief than the *Socialist* side. Whatever be its activity and care in social reforms, the latter carry no stamp of orthodox Socialism, at least at the moment. It is not the same for the *Nationalist* side, which is expressed so clearly in the sentimental exaltation of the entire people, which spreads over the nation by its grandeur and force, and which, thanks to the work of political unification, is much greater and much more complete than can be imagined.

It is natural that, in States so all-absorbing, all activities having political interest should be dominated by the State. Education, the Press, public meetings, organizations for sport or simple amusement, and sometimes even those of a religious character, cannot remain outside the State, and much less should they be opposed to the State. In case of necessity, such a strong State would not recoil even from undue violence as a violation of right; it would consider it as the manifestation of a more elevated right.

The new Portuguese State is clearly distinct from all other States, though it bears a certain resemblance to the Authoritarian régimes with which many confound it.

The philosophical structure of the Portuguese system does not, however, permit any confusion; the concept of the limitation of the State by morality and by right in the interior ordering, and by treaties and conventions freely accepted in the international order; moderation in political procedures; a healthy and non-aggressive nationalism; a wide moral basis in all the manifestations of public or private life; respect towards the human person

\*P. O. Box 28, Hong Kong, China. Mar., 1938.

and towards the realization of his superior ends; the exaltation of the civilizing vocation of the nation, which for that alone, vows itself to a great human collaboration, the spirit and the educative tendencies of public institutions—these are many traits which, even before the 1933 Constitution, have permitted the distinction between military or party dictatorships and that dictatorship, to which, were I permitted, I would give the name of the dictatorship of reason or of intelligence. In his book, *The Dictator*, Bainville has called it the dictatorship of teachers, after having affirmed that the Portuguese dictatorship was "the most honest, the wisest, the most balanced in Europe, at the same time one of the firmest and the most persevering in its applications."

In the domain of political institutions, corporative organization is fundamental. The National Assembly which shares with the Government freely and exclusively chosen by the head of the State—without depending on any vote of Parliament—is the organ which puts into action the whole political machine, which takes the greatest initiative, is completely responsible for public affairs, the most solid guarantee of authority: there is no such thing as a strong State without a strong Government. The stability of the highest State magistracy is

assured by the duration of the mandate of the President, and the absolute independence which he enjoys, together with all the other organs of sovereignty. The corporations and the representatives or organized interests of all kinds, which exist in the bosom of the nation, have a direct influence over the constitution of local governing bodies and form the Chamber of Corporations. As this organization progresses, the State will represent still more faithfully than today the nation itself like a complete organism, and the intervention of individuals in the formation of the organs of sovereignty will depend still more on what they will be themselves in the national life, as for example, heads of families, producers, partisans of such or such belief, men interested in some work or other of education, of relief, or of sport; that is, the politics of real life. The family, regularly constituted, possesses a political value in the Portuguese Constitution, and it is on its moral solidarity that will be built the structure of the nation.

Without desiring to assert that the political régime of Portugal is worth more than any other, it is a fact that, by the way of contrast with the past, the present rule has procured for the country order, stability, progress, strength, reawakening of the national conscience, pres-

tige among the nations. And so, without wanting to enforce its régime on anybody, Portugal would get no advantage by changing her rule for any one existing elsewhere.

If the contemporary unrest, in this hour when the revision of economic, social and political institutions is proceeding, when new

formulae for prosperity, for power, or simply for peace, are being sought, only the most imprudent would set aside the teaching of realized experiments. Why refuse the little light that we can furnish to illuminate this tragic debate? The passer-by can look and see, without being obliged to admire.



## Architectural Revolution

By H. A. REINHOLD

Makers ask why

Condensed from *Liturgical Arts*\*

The first German Revolution after the World War gave a strong impetus to an already existing youth movement which previously had been restricted to narrow intellectual circles. In this movement, which had its center in "quickborn" circles and around men like Abbot Herwegen of Maria Laach and Professor Guardini, who was then in Bonn, religious and cultural tendencies met and sought for a new expression. For many years the "quickborn" movement was regarded as a revolutionary vanguard in Catholic circles in Germany. Its center, the picturesque old castle Rothenfels, on the Main in Franconia, very soon became the mecca of all those young Catholics who

suffered from the inadequacy of traditional Catholic life. With an astonishing thoroughness, all spheres of life were subjected to question in the light of the Gospels, the liturgy, tradition, and a new youthful vitality. This vitality was strongly opposed to that stale and humdrum church life which had outlived the 19th century and weighed on a generation that had seen the collapse of the bourgeois structure of which their fathers had reasonably been proud in their time.

At that time men like Max Scheler, Peter Wust, Romano Guardini, Karl Adam, Abbot Herwegen exercised a tremendous influence on a whole generation of young men

\*300 Madison Ave., New York City. Third Quarter, 1938.

and women who crowded the highways of the country wandering from master to master, from youth camp to youth camp, from monastery to monastery, in search of a "new form of life"—and they did this with a thoroughness and stern conviction which frightened the older generation. But this did not remain a purely philosophical or religious movement. It extended to all spheres of life.

Everything became questionable, except the facts of our Holy Faith and the conviction that our present generation had to start a new Christian era, free from that poisonous compromise which had doomed bourgeois civilization and made Catholics soft. No wonder that very soon among the followers of Guardini there were young architects in search of a true Christian style expressive of our times.

They definitely rejected the idea of modernity in the sense of fashion or *en vogue*. Thus Rudolf Schwarz's principles are twofold: "To start from a reality based on faith, not from one based on art, this truth, or reality, being of such a kind as to produce a community and an artistic achievement." The second principle: "To be absolutely truthful in one's architectural language by saying nothing more than we can honestly say in our times and nothing which cannot be under-

stood by our contemporaries. If what we have to express is not much, compared with the middle ages and antiquity, it is still better to remain in our sphere and to renounce all sorts of mystical theories which will not be experienced by anybody."

One of the major interests lies in the altar, its liturgical position and its adornment. The chapel at Rothenfels and its large halls furnish a very interesting and inspiring topic for discussing the lighting of our churches. Rudolf Schwarz, who with his friend, Emil Steffann, is the most revolutionary leader in this architectural movement and whose first church, Corpus Christi at Aachen, caused a storm of protest in Germany, claims that the technical possibilities of modern lighting should be utilized for churches. He very bitterly opposes indirect lighting and stage effects. Christian honesty requires that the source of light should be seen in its clearness. The effect should be sought in an arrangement which differs according to the character of the liturgical time of the year. His drawings are indeed interesting and show us that there is an art in lighting which requires a deep understanding of the liturgy.

On the whole this architecture shows a manly tendency toward sobriety and honesty. The "sacred

things," the altar, the candles, the crucifix, the light, the steps, the walls stand before us and delight us as if we had discovered them again. I have myself celebrated and seen many a Mass in these simple churches, and I can only say that nowhere, except in the catacombs, did I feel in such a way the reality of our holy liturgy—and is that not the meaning of a church? Guardini's book on sacred signs has obviously revolutionized these men. They conceive architecture as the handmaid of Christ and His mysteries. These white walls, the local stone or brick floors, these plain altar blocks, these plain *things* serving the holy mysteries, are liturgical in a unique sense. Their simplicity emphasizes God's majesty in an overwhelming way.

These architects go much further. Even the shape of our church buildings has to be revised. They even object to the words "architect" and "architecture" and, like Eric Gill, they prefer to be called "builder," "mason," etc. What is the ideal plan for a Catholic church? The basilica, the circular, the Latin or Greek cross plan? It is not astonishing that here also they make a new start and reject all historical or merely aesthetic considerations. Assuming that the purpose of a Catholic church is primarily liturgical, they plan their buildings according

to the needs of the community that has to use them for Sunday Mass (if it is a parish) for solemn functions (if it is an abbey or a cathedral with a chapter) or for the *missa recitata*, if it is an educational institution. No vest pocket cathedrals in a country parish. No mausoleums of the Pantheon style for a bishop's cathedral. No Roman basilicas amidst hotels and department stores. And no mix-up of the different functions. If you want to baptize, then build a baptistry outside the space which is to be used for Mass. Do not place objects of private devotion or substitutes for the liturgy all over the place, but rather create annexes with a more intimate atmosphere where you may go for private devotion in silent hours. As only local building materials will be used and all modern technical inventions will serve, the above suggestion does not constitute an extravagance, and the building should really be more economically built than our present churches, with their ready-made marble altar rails and altars and other assorted imported elements.

This principle of creating a room for the established liturgical worship of the Church gives the architect full liberty to carry out in sacred spaces what has long been done in profane architecture. The aim is not a style, whether past or



present, but the meaning of the *mysteria* and the purpose for which this house is to be built. The idea is not to create effects which strike the senses and give that gloomy, "dim religious" atmosphere so masterfully brought out in modern radio cities and hotels. The church which eventually may crystallize out of the considerations of these architects may have the shape of an open fan, thus giving reality to the favorite word of all liturgists of true understanding: that through the indelible character of Baptism we are all partakers of Christ's sacerdotal character and, therefore, should be *circumstantes* at the altar. However, they reject round churches, as these would split the community into two groups, one facing the priest, the other behind his back.

These rather rhapsodic remarks should show that the liturgical movement has made it possible to start anew and to create a synthesis of our modern world and the expression of eternal truths. The Church is not a remnant of the middle ages, and does not in any way force them upon us. The Church does not force us to erect buildings which create the "atmosphere" of bygone times, thus making difficult for our religious generation the hard task of Christianizing our days and our world. She is rather eternally young and a prolific bride of the Spirit: "send forth thy Spirit and they shall be created and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." Even the architects are apostles, important apostles, of the Church. Let them speak the language of our times.



### *These I Remember*

These things I have seen. These I remember still: an old man on the crest of a hill, with the wind blowing through his hair . . . a dog, who might have been white, searching for food—and hoping . . . old names carved on the wall of a cave, by lovers long ago . . . a lone light moving far away in the quiet of dark . . . little rivers of the rain in madness to the pool . . . a bald business tycoon, and his dead dreams, standing looking out to sea . . . a small boy glad in a new patched coat from the welfare . . . silent snow over a junk pile . . . a song in a tenement—triumphing . . . a man of seventy to work, with a lunch pail . . . two trees—alone—yet together with the sun between—on a cliff above an ageless river . . . the nest of a bird in the tree of the vanished leaves . . . a hungry beggar, ignored . . . tired men plodding home—at sundown . . . the story of people who bathe in milk . . . a news kid with a two-bits tip . . . a young mother on a bridge.

Martin Crowe in *The Aquin* (Mar. 11, '38).



# Fortune-Tellers

By MILES BOND, O.P.

Intelligentsia's intelligence

Condensed from *Dominicana\**

"Kindly cross my palm with silver," is being sung by a chorus of 100,000 soothsayers in the U. S. The American public is naively complying to their request with \$125,000,000 annually. These facts were disclosed in a widespread investigation of the fortune-telling racket, privately made by a well-known authority on the subject. Fortune-tellers are a motley conglomeration of crystal gazers, astrologers, numerologists, palmists, phrenologists, card manipulators, tea leaf readers and other charlatans ranging all the way from the back alley "voo-doo" woman to the Fifth Avenue "swami."

At the time of the investigation, between 15,000 and 20,000 seers in New York city alone were found to be extracting, with the aid of a little incense and a great deal of nonsense, more than \$25,000,000 yearly from a clientele which should know better. In Chicago, where the annual fleecing was found to approximate \$12,000,000, one male star gazer had as customers 100 successful business men who paid him \$1,000 a year each for a monthly business horoscope, which was simply a form letter sent out with a bland disregard for the kind of

business the particular client is in.

The investigation also exploded two popular fallacies with regard to fortune-telling: that its devotees consist mostly of the feminine sex; and that its victims are chiefly the uneducated and those of small means. As a matter of fact, the clientele list was found to include men as well as women from all classes of society, and upon it appeared an astonishing number of names of bank presidents, stock brokers, attorneys, college professors, society women and U. S. senators and congressmen. In the Wall Street section in New York, many diviners are said to maintain luxurious establishments which are visited daily by hundreds of the "investment kings" of the district.

What are the customers actually receiving for their annual output of \$125,000,000? Is it possible that so many otherwise intelligent citizens are allowing themselves to be "taken in" on such a gigantic scale by an army of quack prognosticators? Undoubtedly they are, and undoubtedly many of them suspect that they are, yet so irresistible is the temptation to believe what they would *like* to believe, that most of them go back time and again, un-

\*487 Michigan Ave. N. E., Washington, D. C. Mar., 1938.

aware that one of the tricks of the fortune-telling trade is to tell the customer what he would like to be told and in small doses; this necessitates repeated "readings" at, say, \$5 per reading.

That the divining profession is, for the most part, one huge fraud is evident on a priori grounds, since only God can know with certainty future events, at least those which depend upon chance or the free will of man. The investigation revealed the actual fact of the fraud in a rather convincing manner. In every case investigated the whole of the seer's art was found to consist in a certain craftiness in obtaining information about the client and an adeptness in deducing conclusions from the information obtained. When a customer is so unwary as to give his right name when making an appointment (and most of them are), it is comparatively easy to obtain this information. With the aid of a city directory or a telephone book, the soothsayer or his assistant can usually discover where their victim lives and possibly his place of business. Any number of stratagems may then be used to obtain further information. A favorite one is a surreptitious telephone call to his home or office from which a number of things may be learned about his family, his business, his

probable social and economic status, etc. In one instance a fortune-teller called the home of a prospective client and under the pretence of being a photographer desiring to take free pictures of the children, obtained their names, ages, the school they attended, regretted they were not the proper age for free pictures and politely hung up—but armed with enough personal information to convince his customer of his "supernatural" powers and dispose him to believe almost anything he chose to tell him.

When a fortune seeker drops in without an appointment or comes with a friend, it is a bit more difficult to obtain information about him, due to lack of time. His name is taken and he is ushered at once into the presence of the seer. In the meantime an assistant makes desperate attempts to obtain, by telephone, a few facts about him. Sometimes these facts are relayed to the fortune-teller during the actual course of an interview by means of a picture with a sliding panel hung somewhere behind the client, and into which a placard is slid containing the information in readable signs. When a fictitious name or no name at all is given, the task is still more difficult. The seer must then rely on his wits, which he has trained for just such emergencies. Sometimes, in answering

questions he tells many things about himself without ever suspecting that he has done so. One diviner, when asked if he had difficulty in making his customers talk, replied that he had greater difficulty keeping them quiet long enough to let him talk.

A trained seer can discover a great many things about his customer by observing his mannerisms, his accent, the material or cut of his clothes, jewelry, emblems, etc. The information thus obtained he dresses up in flowery language and hands back to a mystified and thoroughly convinced client. Should all means of obtaining information fail, the seer has to deal in generalities: "You may expect a change but not at once," "The problem you have in mind should not worry you for it will come out all right though not as you expect." The means used for the supposed forecasting whether it be gazing into a crystal, reading the palm or studying a horoscope, are simply the hokum dictated by fad or public taste. At present the pseudo-sciences, such as astrology and numerology, are the most popular, especially among the more educated classes.

From the information obtained from various sources, the seer can usually conclude what sort of future the customer would like to have or what he would be most likely to believe and proceeds to deal it out

to him in sufficiently obscure verbiage, at a handsome profit.

But despite the fraud, the fact remains that the glamorous predictions of the soothsayer are believed and, what is worse, are acted upon by thousands of sober, serious-minded, well educated men and women. And from a merely natural viewpoint, is it so strange that they should be believed? Man has a strong, innate inclination to peer into the future. Tomorrow is often more real for him than today. He loves to imagine himself riding the crest of success and he is easily convinced by anyone who assures him that he will soon be doing just that.

For Catholics, the consulting of fortune-tellers is a particularly foolish and dangerous practice; foolish, because to them has been given the precious gift of Faith which enables them to recognize God as the only true source of revelation and His Church as the only reliable interpreter of supernatural truths; dangerous, because it is a sin. Moreover, Catholics know that they have, in the confessional, the only sure and safe place to unburden their anxieties, and in their priests, the only divinely authorized confessors. Why should they degrade themselves by seeking counsel from charlatans? Catholics above all people should trust in God's Providence.

# The Plays of Mrs. Shakespeare

Love's labor lauded

By J. P. DeFONSEKA

Condensed from *G. K.'s Weekly*\*

**Authorship** of the 30 odd plays which bear the name of William Shakespeare has been ascribed from time to time to a number of distinguished persons: Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Leicester, the Earl of Essex, Francis Bacon, the Cecils (father and son), and Mr. Bernard Shaw. The addition of the plays of the so-called William Shakespeare to the already distinguished achievement of all these persons would have been a feather in their caps. But there is a little hitch in the reasons adduced in each case; and the feather does not stick, as it should.

The Cecils, for instance, who were Chicago gangsters by genius, knew only too well that the millions of pounds to be drawn from the loot of the Church were much better than Elizabethan box-office pittances. They certainly could have had no use for plays.

Queen Elizabeth, the weakest of the Tudors, spent her life trying to retain her precarious seat on the throne. She, poor dear, had no leisure for play-writing.

Francis Bacon had an immense gift for writing a dull and soporific

prose, and it takes a lot of believing to think that he could have written a play which would have held an audience for three minutes on end.

The noble Earls had pots of money and were more or less satisfied with looking for larks to spend the money on.

Perhaps the most clinching objection is to Mr. Bernard Shaw's candidature. Mr. Shaw has himself repudiated his authorship of Shakespeare by roundly asking his voters how the devil they think he could stoop to such piffle.

But some one *did* write the plays. You get that fact on the excellent principle that there can be no smoke without fire.

In the Elizabethan period the theatrical profession was considered disreputable and those engaged in it were branded as rogues and vagabonds. Even people who wrote plays were shy about the matter; and if any one of the Quality wrote plays he would have liked a mask to do it, in the sense of a straw man to put up as the author for public purposes. It is understood that the man William Shakespeare was a guy of this sort. If he were not the author of the

\*9 Essex St., London, E. C. 2, England. Mar. 3, 1938.

plays, what other work he did does not matter much, and one can state without demur his traditionally known occupations: glover, butcher, tanner, poacher, deer-stealer, schoolmaster, and holder of horses. According to the earlier theories, Francis Bacon writes *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and sends for the glover from Stratford. Or Lord Oxford composes *Hamlet* and borrows the Stratford butcher's name. Or Lord Southampton finishes *King Lear* and sends an urgent message to the ex-poacher to appear at once. Or William Cecil writes *All's Well That Ends Well* and sets down the name of William Shakespeare on the title-page. All these people between them can scrape together only one and the same handy man. Which speaks little for the people who had a thousand hirelings and creatures under them. Handled in this way, the thing simply won't wash.

But if you accept Mrs. Shakespeare (Mistress Anne Hathaway Shakespeare), wife to the so-called William Shakespeare, dramatist, as the real author, the dummy business becomes much more credible. Even a butcher would gladly consent to act as dummy for his talented wife. The imposture becomes a labor of love for one's much better half. Mrs. Anne Shakespeare

was a gentlewoman of the proper-tied class of the Midlands. No one can say with his hand on his heart that she could not have had the necessary talent or education. In the quiet and leisurely Midlands of the time she certainly had the time. And the theatrical royalties were an excellent and ample source of pin-money. In her station of life she saw enough of the human drama to work into the theatrical one. Besides she was eight years her husband's senior. The critics have bothered and doubted as to how *Love's Labor Lost* could have come from an author of 24. Make it 32, and there is no need to bother or doubt. Eight years make a great difference. As the senior in age, Anne, no doubt, commanded and William obeyed. After a short five years of married life, Anne sent William to London to discover and capture the London theatrical market for her plays. William Shakespeare went as the literary and theatrical agent of his wife; and a jolly successful job he made of it. Not to leave William Shakespeare without his due, let it be said that he behaved like the most gifted literary agent in all literary history. He found the best producers and companies, of whom he even became a director later, and extracted the best royalties. Later still he became his wife's

producer, presenting her plays in his own play-house.

He soon learned the kind of play the audiences of London wanted: the kind of unseemly jokes and bawdy talk, and the kind of blood-and-thunder stuff which the Elizabethan gods of the gallery were revelling in. This important information William at once posted to his wife with, "Dear, that's the stuff to give them," and Mrs. Shakespeare gave it to them. There was also a promising line in rehashing old plays, which had in them the right theme but not the right kind of language. William posted to his wife parcels of the old plays, *Henrie Ye Forthe*, *Amleth*, *Kinge Leire*, etc., which in no long time returned rejuvenated and immortal as *Henry IV* or *Hamlet* or *King Lear*. William worked night and day, going about his wife's business with fierce personal interest and conjugal devotion (which would be lacking if he had been Francis Bacon's "mask"). The ex-butcher was a well-spoken fellow and a specially captivating sort of Bright Sales-

man. He won scores of powerful friends, none of whom ever doubted his reputed authorship.

To read Mrs. Shakespeare's plays with some little discernment is to be more than tolerable sure of her authorship. They reveal a woman author at every turn, personal knowledge of her own sex. The Shakespearian women characters are far better and more realistic and real types than the men, for the simple reason that the author knew women at first hand and the men only at second. A credible Portia and an incredible Antonio. A natural Ophelia and a preposterous Hamlet. Three possible daughters and an impossible dotard of a Lear. A probable Desdemona and a highly improbable Othello. The late Mr. John Ruskin has sagaciously observed that the catastrophe of every play is caused by a fault or folly of a man, and the redemption by the virtue and wisdom of a woman. Now, who can blame Mrs. Shakespeare if she gave her good work to the women and her bad to the men? It would be so like a woman.

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If you think any article in any issue of the *Catholic Digest* will interest a friend, send us a postcard to that effect, and we shall be pleased to send a marked copy to the address you give. State your friend's address and your own and mention the title of the article and the month it appeared.



# A Blind Fiddler

Condensed from *The Father Mathew Record*\*

From the dingy prop room of the theatre comes the sound of a violin playing. After a while it stops, then footsteps, and a heavily bearded man in tattered cloak and dark glasses goes out to the street carrying a violin and an umbrella.

Outside, in early afternoon, people give him curious eyes—a musical pauper astray in war-torn Madrid.

"Give us a tune!"

The pauper fiddles. A few coins clink into his umbrella and he goes on. But not far.

"Give us the Internationale!"

The pauper halts, confused within but outwardly agreeable.

"Good!" he chokes in well-feigned glee. "Here we go!"

He fiddles away—a musical invention of his own so weird and awkward the listening crowd disperses in mockery and disgust. That evening he listens for the blare of a radio and finding one, stands by till he hears for the first time—and fixes well in mind the raucous strains of the "Internationale."

By morning he has learned it and fears no more the chance danger of its request. But by morning, too,

the war continues. A bomb hits not 100 yards from him. Two are wounded. Into the confused melee he plunges, forgetting the role of blind musician, and, without attracting attention, succeeds in giving absolution to the victims.

Critical days, hazardous days ensue and the blind fiddler becomes just another of the Madrid civilians. Red authorities order to leave the city.

Once again he takes a chance, and obtains permission from the militia to "look for relatives in Valencia." Thither he goes with a truck-load of Red soldiers, fiddling for them, humoring and amusing them.

In Valencia, food is scarce and anarchy rampant. To the docks hurries the blind fiddler and, getting a job as porter on a French boat, stays with the task till the ship is well out to sea.

Then at last he shears off his whiskers, reveals himself to the Captain as Canon Jose' Artero. The Captain treats the stowaway porter, fiddler, priest with respect, takes him to Marseilles from whence he is making his way back to Spain, this time to Nationalist territory.

\**Church St., Dublin, N. W. 8, Ireland. Mar., 1938.*

# Budapest

City of the Congress

By PEARL H. CAMPBELL

Condensed from *The Ave Maria*\*

**Hungary** has been described as a "mid-Europe island, sharply severed by speech, race, tradition, and a hemicycle of evergreen mountains from all its neighbor nations." Budapest lies almost directly in the center of this island. Through it runs the Danube, whose waters in song and story and waltz are always blue. In reality they are chocolate by day, and by night an inky shellac as they mirror the city lights.

Of the many ways of reaching Budapest the most delightful is the leisurely river way from Vienna. The steamer leaves in the morning, threads its way past wharves piled high with merchandise for the city's marts. It passes villages with picturesque thatched roofs and strange church towers and many a flat islet, willow-fringed, where the wild fowl flutter protectingly over nests concealed in the rushes. Among the passengers on the boat are prosperous peasants and their wives and daughters in full skirts, embroidered bodices and aprons and peaked kerchiefs that quaintly frame their faces. The men are as brilliantly arrayed as their women-folk and look as though they might have stepped out of pictures.

Up and down the river are ships

and ferries and barges of many nations loaded with produce from the fertile farms: bleating sheep, squawking fowls, fruits and vegetables, and corn that looks as though it might have come from a field in Iowa.

Budapest is reached in the early evening with the bells from many churches ringing out their welcome and lights gleaming. Just how old the city is, no one knows. Roman galleys pushing up the river on their northward quest found a settlement on the right bank of the river which they used as the nucleus of a colony known as Aquincum. It served as an outpost of the empire until A. D. 376, when the legions could no longer hold out against the hordes of barbarians threatening the life of Rome itself.

A long period of semi-legendary history follows. Then came the introduction of Christianity by St. Gellert, the martyred bishop. His rock-hewn chapel is on a hill above the city. It was from this height that he was rolled down in a barrel by the pagan Magyars and drowned in the angry river.

Then out of the mists of the past comes the splendid figure of Stephen I, hero-king and saint. His father

\**Notre Dame, Ind. Apr. 16, 1938.*

was Geza, duke of Hungary, and his mother, Sarolta, a Magyar Christian princess. Stephen was fortunate in having as tutors the German priest Bruno and the Czeck priest Radla, devout and kindly men who instructed him well in religion. An Italian knight, Theodate of San Severino, taught him the use of arms and letters. Stephen was happily married in 996 to Gisela, a Bavarian princess. The following year his father died and the pagan vassals, underestimating the young lord's skill as a soldier, rebelled in great numbers. Stephen had chosen St. Martin of Tours to be his patron saint, and marching under his banner won a decisive victory over his foes at Veszprém in 998.

Today his crown, which no man wears, rests on a velvet cushion in Budapest. It is in two parts. The inner shell, the most precious part, was sent to Stephen by Pope Sylvester in 1001. The outer case was the gift of a defeated Byzantine emperor who was grateful for the chivalrous Hungarian treatment of a captured city. The crown, like other royal regalia, has had a great many adventures. Often during troubled centuries of Moslem rule it was hidden. Once it actually fell from a jolting wagon and was lost. At another time it was buried. During one of these trying times the cross which surmounts it was bent.

It has never been straightened and appears so today on national flags.

The crown had rested on the young king's head only a short time before Sylvester died in 1003. Had the Pope lived a few years longer he would have realized how much that crowning of a valiant young hero did, not only for Hungary, but for the Church and the rest of Europe. For Stephen soon proved himself to be one of the great constructive statesmen of history. During his reign of more than 40 years the Hungarian Church and the State were firmly established.

The young king established his government upon a new principle; as a result Hungary did not pass through the feudal stages as did France and Germany. It was a unified nation when those all around it were divided into duchies, principalities, baronies and free cities with their petty courts and endless rivalries.

Stephen divided his country into 46 counties. At the head of each was a count nominated by the king, whom he was bound to follow to battle and to whom he was responsible for order in his own domain. Here was a real system of stewardship. Moreover, the inheritance of rank and privilege of nobility did not pass exclusively to the eldest son, as in England, but

was shared by all the children. Here was the true conception of the family, with equal rights and privileges, set up before the eyes of all men 1000 years ago. Stephen died in 1038 and was canonized 45 years later.

A troubled 40 years intervened between the reign of Stephen and Ladislaus, whose firm rule compelled his people to settle on the land and to respect the property and person of their neighbors. He drove paganism from his dominion and introduced an elaborate legal code. He died suddenly when about to take part in the first crusade. No other Hungarian king, not even the sainted Stephen, was so universally beloved. His people mourned for him three full years and regarded him as a saint long before he was canonized.

Another worthy successor to the throne was Matthias Hunyady (1440-1490) who shared in his father's campaigns when he was only 12 years old. He has often been compared to Napoleon because he was a soldier, a statesman, an orator, and administrator. But unlike Napoleon, he was a man of fine moral character. He was never guilty of a single cruel or vindictive act. Once when his nobles proposed to get rid of an enemy king by offering him a cup of poisoned wine, he answered proudly "We

fight with arms, not poisons." Small wonder that he is conceded to be the greatest man of his age and one of the greatest monarchs that ever reigned.

Visitors who pause before his kingly statue in the colonnade in Budapest, erected in 1896, will perhaps recall his famous embassy to the Court of Charles VIII of France. He chose 300 of the finest lads in his kingdom, clothed them in regal velvet with heavy golden chains and precious stones around their necks and braids of pearls encircling their heads. These princely youths were mounted on 300 horses of uniform size and color. How the citizens of Paris, used though they were to magnificent spectacles, must have stared when this pageant of youth came riding up to the city gates!

The prosperity established by the rule of this wise and good king lasted long after his death. We are told that in 1513 a certain Hungarian archbishop on his way to Rome had his horses loosely shod with silver shoes, so that they might continually fall off and be picked up by the poor wayfarers or workers in the fields.

Replete with stories and fascination though the older parts of the city are, the pilgrim cannot fail to be impressed with the glories of modern Budapest. Its builders have wisely retained all that is best in the

past, and, with that love of beauty which seems to be inherent in the heart of every Hungarian, have made the city stand out among the capitals of the world.

Wherever one looks there is beauty—even the canal boats along the river have their bits of flower gardens amidships—and order and cleanliness. The broad streets of this modern city, tree-lined like those of Washington, are immaculate. Hungarians rightly believe their capital to be the cleanest in Europe. They point to the receptacles for waste everywhere displayed, and warn you, smilingly, that they are intended for use. Alien visitors are allowed certain privileges, but natives have been fined for tossing candy wrappers into the gutters. This love for cleanliness shows itself in the glass telephone booths so crystal clear that patrons appear to be wrapped in cellophane.

One of the most amazing contributions to the modern Budapest is the municipal St. Gellert Hotel. Medicinal baths have long been a major industry, but here rich and poor alike are provided for. Beneath the building a spring pours forth nearly half a million gallons of

water daily at a temperature of 114 degrees Fahrenheit. People come from all quarters of the globe with all sorts of ailments to take baths under the direction of competent physicians. For those in perfect health there is an outdoor swimming pool flanked on three sides by beautiful rock gardens.

The pilgrim will be surprised to learn that railroads, street cars, swimming pools, restaurants, hotels and even some of the factories, are operated by the Government. It also controls the travel agencies and the sight-seeing cars. Your interpreter and guide on these trips will be a girl, quite likely from a noble family. She will lift her megaphone to her lips and shout through it quite as efficiently as any young man. And she will do it all with such charming grace that you wish the ride would last longer.

You will realize the city's magnificence if you loiter on one of the bridges at twilight. Then the old and the new are blended into a lovely tapestry, the lights of the city reflected on the bosom of the river that has seen the crescent of the Moslem wane before the rising splendor of the Cross of Christ.



The term, "Alma Mater" began at the University of Bonn; it drew its inspiration from the beautiful statue of the Mother of Christ—known as the Alma Mater—placed over the principal portal of that celebrated seat of learning.

## *Catholic Books of Current Interest*

Jordan, Elizabeth. *Three Rousing Cheers*. New York: Appleton. \$3.

This autobiography of a reporter on the New York *World*, an editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, a novelist, a playwright, a columnist and a critic is crowded with many and varied interesting events and anecdotes. The reader meets Brisbane, Howell, James, Mark Twain and Mrs. Burnett among her friends.

Shuster, George N. *Brother Flo*. New York: Macmillan. \$1.50.

Cynical, sympathetic and thoroughly human, Brother Florian, the delightful old porter of Merrymount College is the American version of Mr. Chips.

Connolly, Violet. *Soviet Tempo*. New York: Sheed. \$2.50.

An accurate portrayal of conditions in the Soviet which the author witnessed during her recent visit.

Piette, Maximin, O.F.M. *John Wesley in the Evolution of Protestantism*. New York: Sheed. \$5.

A contemporary interpretation of the Reformation and the founder of Protestantism which was presented as a thesis for the doctorate at Louvain by the author who holds a Laureatship in the French Academy.

Laros, Mathias. *Confirmation in the Modern World*. N. Y.: Sheed. \$2.

In this explanation of the sacrament Father Laros points out the spiritual benefits which the individual and society derive from its reception.

Kirsch, Rev. Felix M., O.M. Cap. *The Religion Teacher's Library*. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony's Guild. Paper 25c.

An annotated, classified list of books, pamphlets, plays and visual aids selected for religious and laymen. An indispensable handbook of over 1,000 titles.

Hoffman, Ross. *Tradition and Progress*. Milwaukee: Bruce. \$2.

The necessity of applying the experience of Christian tradition to contemporary problems is stressed in these 12 essays.

Jorgensen, Johannes. *Saint Catherine of Siena*. N. Y.: Longmans. \$3.

After much study and a visit to Siena, the Danish mystic pens his impressions of the great advisor of the Church and State during the 14th century.

Carroll, Patrick J., C. S. C. *Many Shall Come*. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria. \$1.50.

A daughter's influence in causing her father's return to the faith and her mother's acceptance of it is the theme of this interesting novel by the editor of the *Ave Maria*.



